The SCRIP

Albert Jones

THE SCRIP

1936

PUBLISHED BY THE STUDENTS UNDER DIRECTION OF THE FACULTY / FRANK LOUIS SOLDAN HIGH SCHOOL / SAINT LOUIS / VOLUME THIRTY-NINE / NUMBER ONE / JUNE 1936 /

In Memoriam

Mrs. Edith C. Bristol was a brilliant woman with broad human sympathies and a charming personality. Her travels and her extensive and well-chosen reading, illuminated by correspondence with friends all over the world, gave her a knowledge of international affairs, which she interpreted with a logical and far-seeing mind.

She faced life's problems with courage.

Her charitable spirit led her to be gracious to all and to give generously of herself and her substance to many who were less fortunate in life.

To sit in her classroom or to work by her side was to increase in open-mindedness and culture. To be a guest in her home was to be charmed by her gracious manner and inspired by her enthusiastic interest in life.

The faculty of Soldan High School cherish the memory of Mrs. Edith C. Bristol.

In Memoriam

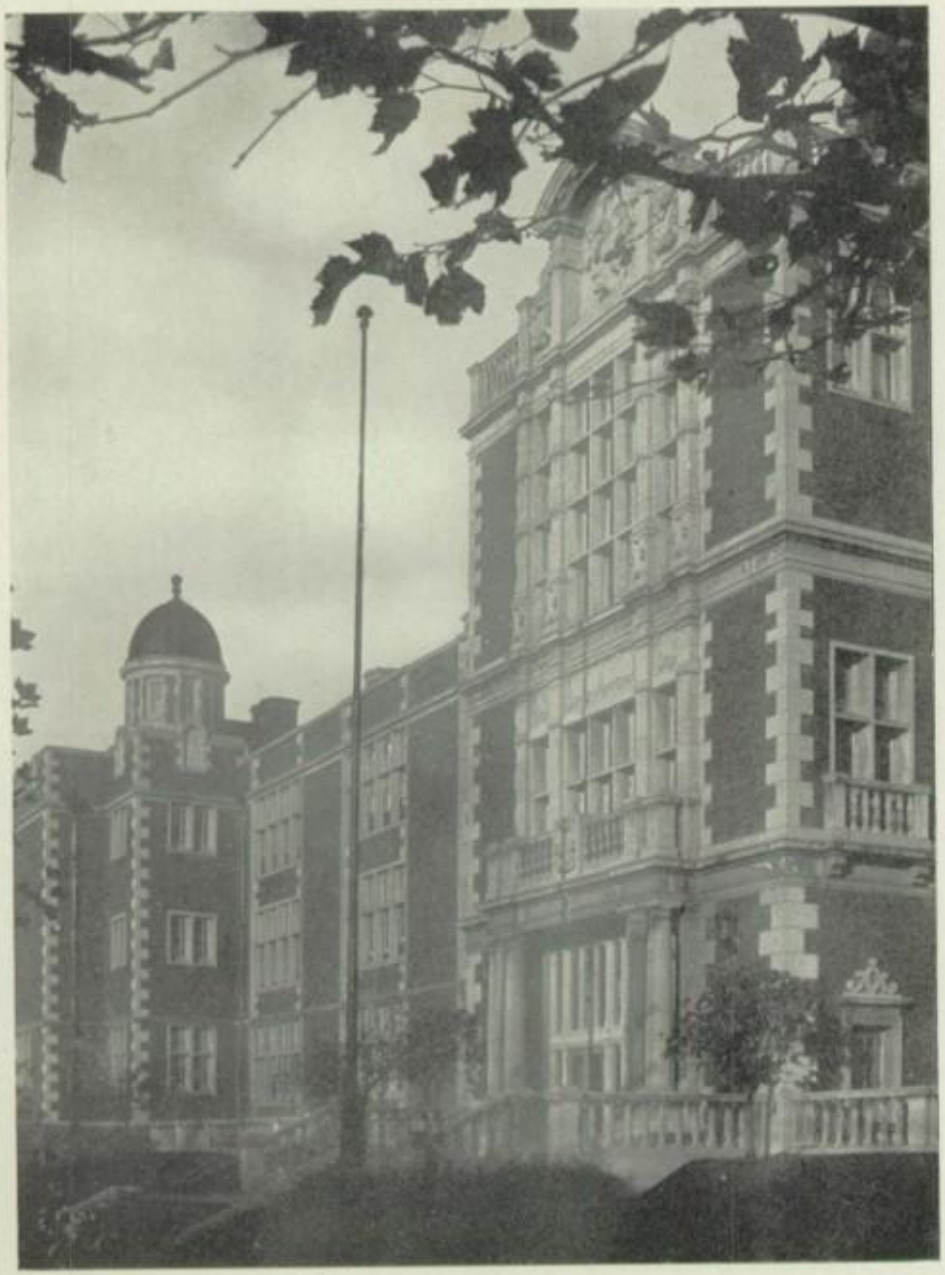
Anna R. Waney—a beloved name spoken, and then a silence; but out of the silence, memories come thronging. The wave of a friendly hand in greeting; the steady candor of her clear eyes; the mirth of her happy laugh; these are ours to remember.

The summer of nineteen and thirty-five brought to its close a life of whose fullness she had given richly to others. Hers was a personality that has left its impress. She was genuine; we felt that.

Out of a big spirit she gave praise without delay, censure without malice, and all who knew her valued the warm heartening of her kindly counsel.

She was faithful to her trust, laboring earnestly for the moral as well as for the intellectual growth of her pupils, for she believed that the teacher's highest duty is to assist in laying foundations for true and noble character. There are men and women in this community, uncounted in number, who are fine, strong, purposive people because she helped to make them so.

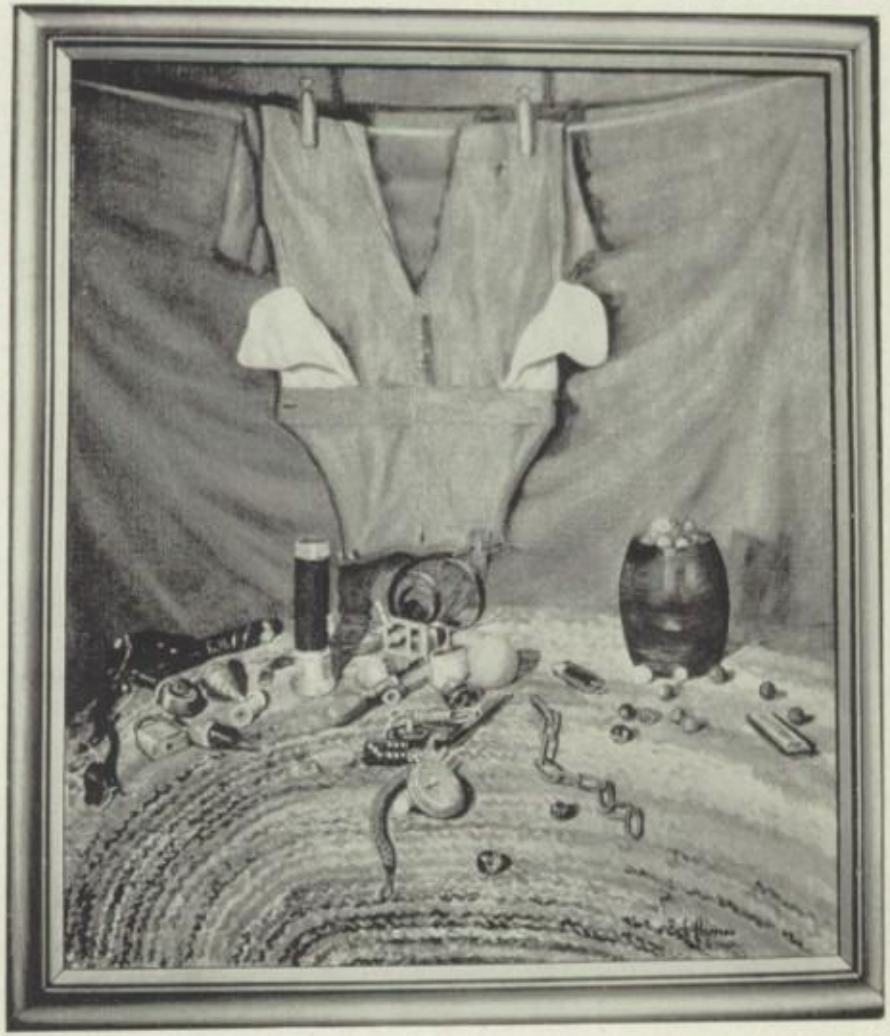
We turn again to our own endeavor with something in our hearts that finds expression in the tongue she taught to thousands, in the tongue hallowed to her because it was the language of her faith, and we say lovingly, "Noble colleague—*requiescat in pace.*"



Soldan High School

CONTENTS

In Memoriam . . . 4
Faculty 8
Seniors 11
Organizations . . . 47
Athletics 79
Literature 93
Features 151
Advertising . . . 169



Herbert P. Stellwagen, Principal

Soldan

Dear Soldan Folks:

As another year of great educational opportunities at Soldan closes, we find again much in the record of achievement that makes us both proud and humble.

Many in many lines of effort here have attained distinguished results. Excellence of scholarship, worthiness of character, fineness of citizenship and service are virtues of very many Soldan boys and girls. The spirit of the school is marked by good will, cooperation, courtesy, helpfulness, honesty, honor, ability and willingness to carry responsibility, respect for law and authority, reliability, good sportsmanship, high purpose. Wherever we look for this spirit we find it both in the work and in the result: in the classrooms, in the shops and laboratories, in the library, in the auditorium; in music, in the publications, in debate, in oratory, in dramatics; in the many branches of athletics; in Agora; in the Honor Society and the Service Club; in the many clubs; in decorum in corridors, in assemblies, on the streets, at the Stadium. We rejoice that we have great reason for our pride in Soldan folks, in that for which they stand, and in what they accomplish.

We are humble before the vision of the possibility of still greater achievement, before the glory of lovelier attainments in character still to be reached, before the dream of still more splendid service by the school to its young people, and by them to society through all the years to come. We are humble before the hope that grows from past and present accomplishment, before the hope of ever increasing beauty and worthiness of all that Soldan folks will be and think and say and do.

May Soldan's boys and girls go on and on ever in the direction of utter fineness in all that makes up their own living and their giving to others. Shall we each day say in Voltaire's words:

> "I shall have another garden laid out
> tomorrow upon a nobler plan?"

This is our hope!

Sincerely yours,

HERBERT P. STELLWAGEN.

Soldan Faculty

ADMINISTRATION

Herbert P. Stellwagen, *Principal*

Ben H. Barr, *Assistant Principal*

ENGLISH

Grace Adams
Ruth Beck
M. M. Cameron
Marie A. Ernst
Marguerite George
Jessie W. Jeffrey
Helen Constance Koch
Hildah Levy
Gertrude Lucas
Charles R. Mann
Leonora C. Nagle
Francis F. Patrick
Amelia M. Racy
Allie N. Rasmusson
Gertrude Shryock
Elsie Ueberle
Grace V. Wilson

HISTORY AND SOCIAL SCIENCE

Margaret M. Amend
Ruth Beck
A. B. Bender
Jules Biegelsen
M. M. Cameron
A. J. Gummersheimer
Joanna M. Hoolan
Lottie M. Huff
E. J. Mathie
Marguerite Mott
Helen T. Rowan
Edward M. Snider
Mary Elizabeth Souther
Sylvia R. Weiss
Floyd D. Welch

MATHEMATICS

Imelda Carmody
James F. Cook
Alfred Davis
H. L. Feldman
Nellie Judd
Fred C. McEachron
Saidee Nelson
Harley E. Olson
Susan Sherry
Lewis W. Sieck
Ida E. Stallings
Arnold von Lehsten
Ruth Zacher

ANCIENT LANGUAGES

Ruth Beck
Jules Biegelsen
Nellie Cunningham
Rosalie Kaufman
W. R. Layer
Laura C. Mueller

MODERN LANGUAGES

Lois Bogle
Leigh Harris
Laura C. Mueller
Edith C. Symington
Winnie Timmons
Sylvia R. Weiss
Jennie Willemsen

ART

Philip A. Gronemeyer
Florence Hazeltine

SCIENCE

James M. Althouse
William Hein
Nellie Judd
Frank O. Kruh
Ralph A. Lenig
Leslie W. Lyon
Ethel L. Mills
Katherine Pfeiffer
Alvina Raebel
Lewis W. Sieck
Arthur J. Svoboda

HOUSEHOLD ARTS

Leigh Harris
Mary E. Jeffords

MANUAL TRAINING—MECHANICAL DRAWING

James F. Cook
Fred C. McEachron
Harley E. Olson

COMMERCIAL

Louise W. Brown
Mary F. Calnane
Mabel Easterbrook
J. H. Herwig
Helen D. S. McDonald
P. L. Stavseth

MUSIC

M. Teresa Finn
Ernest Hares

EDUCATIONAL COUNSELORS

Mrs. Laura Kroeger
Alma Fletcher

PHYSICAL EDUCATION AND HEALTH

Martha Hehrlein
Blanche G. Higgins
O. M. Koenig, M.D.
Gertrude Lucas
A. H. Plag
Charlotte Roos
Arnold von Lehsten
Harry R. White

LIBRARIAN

Gertrude D. May

BOOKS AND SUPPLIES

T. A. Crockett

HYGIENE

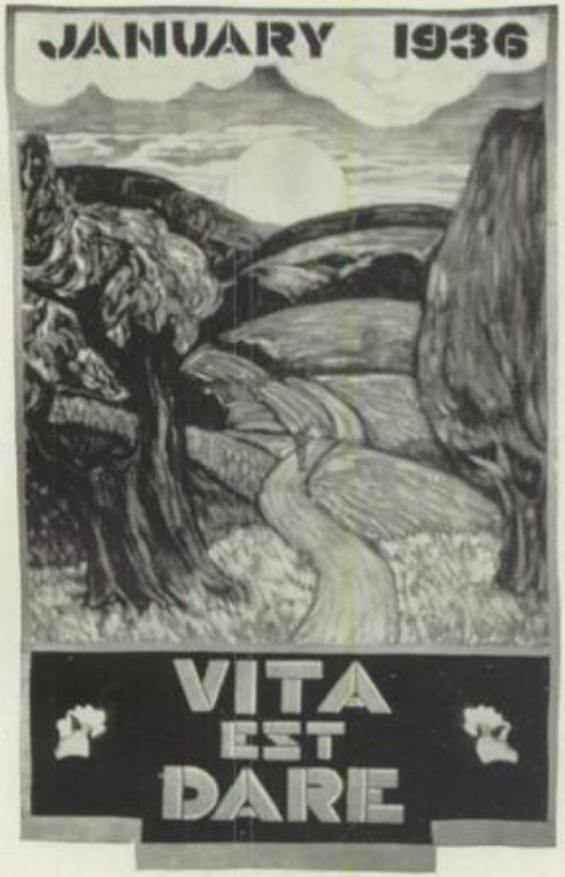
B. Y. Glassberg, M.D.
L. M. Laird
Katherine Shaaf, M.D.

OFFICE ASSISTANTS

Dorothy Caplan
Ruth Dodenhof
Effie C. Ramsay

LUNCH ROOM

May I. Bouton



COLORS: Green, Blue, Gold.

Class Song

"Vita Est Dare"

Words by Paula Golda Tobias; Music by Myra Louise Harmon.

Thoughts of thee, dear school, will linger
In all our hearts forever more;
You have taught us, Alma Mater,
"Life's to give" if we're to soar.

CHORUS

Soldan, Soldan, we sing thy praise,
Ideals, teachers, all so true,
For a life enriched with memories,
We leave you with a fond adieu.

Thy dear name shall always bind us
Closer to thy guardian side,
Freedom, Courtesy, Truth, and Honor,
By these we promise to abide.

AUTOGRAPHS

Officers and Sponsors

January Class 1936

ETHEL L. MILLS . . Sponsor.

FRANCIS F. PATRICK . . Sponsor.

EUGENE NEWPORT . . Senior President. Honor Society. Service Club, '34, '35. Agora, '34, '35. Two Year Scholarship Seal. Track Squad, '34, '35. Cross Country Squad.

RUBY PETROV . . Senior Vice President. Senior Executive Committee. Honor Society. Service Club, '34, '35. G. A. A., '33, '34, '35; Small "S." Dramatic Guild, '35. Social Committee; Chairman. Pep Club, '34, '35.

BERNICE WITTCOFF . . Senior Secretary. Honor Society. Service Club, '33, '34, '35. Two Year Scholarship Seal. Agora, '35. Agassiz, '34, '35. Art Appreciation, '35. Round Table, '34.

WILLIAM ROY FISH . . Senior Treasurer. Service Club. Dramatic Guild: "Twelfth Night." Golf Squad, '35.

The Scrip

MARVIN ACKERMAN . . Scrippage, '34, '35. Humor Editor; Scrippage Staff, '35.

SARA JEAN ALEXANDER . . Chaminade, '35. Senior Picture Committee, Scrip Staff, '36.

RUTH BERG . . Honor Society. Service Club, '35; Chairman, 35; S. C. Play, '35. Agora, '35; Assistant Secretary, 35. Ha Ivria; Treasurer, '33; Chairman Program Committee, '33, '34, '35; Secretary-Treasurer, '34; Vice President, '35. Forum, '33. '34. Pep Club, '33, '34, '35. G. A. A., '33, '34. Announcement Committee.

THERON EDWIN ADAMS . .

ROBERT EDWARD ANDERSON . . Senior Bulletin Committee.

ROSE ALTON . . Senior Ribbon Committee.

HAROLD ALLEN AUSTIN . . Writers' Club, '35.

DORIS BRIELL . . Honor Society. Service Club, '34, '35. Senior Motto Committee. Library Club, '35. Pep Club, '34, '35.

MARCELLA BROCKMAN . . Senior Bulletin Committee.

JOHN B. BAINBRIDGE . . Dramatic Guild, '33, '34, '35; Treasurer, '34; President, '35. "Twelfth Night." "Violin Maker of Cremona." "A Dispatch Goes Home." Glee Club, '33, '34, '35. "Flower of Venezia." "Musicland." "Washington U. Contest."

HARRY BECKER . .

LILLIAN BROIDA . . Honor Society. Senior Social Committee.

The Scrip

MARCUS M. BECKER . . Harmonica Club, '34, '35; President, '35. Spring Tennis Tournament, '34. Ha Ivria, '34. Inter-Class Basketball, '34. Coach; Term 6 Basketball, '35. Student Manager; School Basketball, '35. Senior Banquet Committee.

EILEEN CASEY . . Chaminade, '33, '34, '35; Secretary, '35; "Flower of Venezia"; Columbia Contest, '34; Washington U. Contest, '35. Banquet Committee.

RUTH CLINE . . Senior Ring Committee.

ROBERT BENDER . . Senior Banquet Committee.

JOSEPH A. BLATH . . Tennis Squad, '32, '33, '34; Letterman, '33, '34; Captain, '34; Student Manager, '35. Basketball, Second Team, '32, '33. Inter-Class Basketball, '32, '33, '34. Inter-Class Champs, '33, '34. Skating Club, '32, '33. Scrippage, '35. Agora, '33.

ETHEL JEANNE COOPERSMITH . .

MELROSE A. BLOCH . . Tennis Team, '32, '33, '34; Letterman, '34. Scrippage, '35. Basketball Squad, '32, '33, '34; Second Team, '32, '33, '34. Inter-Class Champs, '33, '34.

MILDRED ANN DAINS . . Skating Club, '34.

ANNAMAE DICKIE . . Service Club, '35. G. A. A., '34, '35. Skating Club; President, '34, '35. Senior Finance Committee.

LEO BORNSTEIN . . Football, '34, '35; Letterman, '34, '35. Track, '35; Letterman, '35.

JOHN BRECKENRIDGE . . Senior Social Committee.

DOROTHEA LOUISE EARLE . . Activity Committee. History Club, '35; Treasurer, '35. Chaminade, '34, '35; Assistant Librarian, '35. "Flower of Venezia." G. A. A., '33, '34, '35; Small "S."

The Scrip

CARTER WILLIAMSON BYRNES . .

HILDEGARD P. EGI . . Chaminade, '34, '35, '36; "Flower of Venezia"; Washington U. Contest.

FERN LAWRENCE EILERS . . Honor Society. Service Club, '34, '35. G. A. A., '33, '34, '35; President, '35; Junior "S"; Missouri "M"; Senior "S." Girls' Council, '35. Pep Club, '33, '34, '35. Flower Committee; Chairman.

ARTHUR LEE CASEY, Jr. . . Commencement Oration.

BURT L. COHN . .

GERTRUDE GLADYS FEIWELL . . Service Club, '34, '35. Senior Activity Committee. Library Club, '34, '35.

NATHAN DAVID . . Band Drum Major, '35. Drum Major, All-City High School Band, '35. Midget Track Squad; Captain, '32; Letterman, '32; Student Coach, '34, '35. Seal, '35. Tennis Team, '33, '34; Letterman, '33, '34; State High School Tennis Tournament, '33; Tennis Tournament, '32, '33, '34. Scrippage, '35. Finance Committee. Camera Club; Vice President, '34; Treasurer, '35. Gym Club, '32. Inter-Class Basketball Tournament, '33.

ZELMA FELDMAN . . Honor Society. Service Club, '35. Senior Picture Committee. Pep Club, '34, '35.

FRANCES FORETICH . .

JAMES DICK . . Football, '34, '35. Skating Club, '34. Senior Social Committee.

LEONARD A. EASTMAN . . Honor Society. Service Club, '34, '35. Junior Track Squad, '34. Basketball Squad, '34. Term 4 Inter-Class Basketball, '34. Football Team, '33, '34, '35; Letterman, '34, '35; Co-Captain, '35. Cap and Gown Committee.

BOBETTE FRANK . . Senior Picture Committee.

The Scrip

SOLON GERSHMAN . . Football, '34; Letterman. Track, '34; Letterman. Baseball Squad, '34. Inter-Class Basketball Champs, '35. Chess Club, '34, '35. Agora, '33. Ring Committee, '35. Chess Tournament, '34, '35.

SARA ANN GLAUBER . . Honor Society; Treasurer. Service Club; Treasurer, '35. Agassiz Club; Treasurer, '35. Pep Club, '35.

LORENE OLETA GODDARD . . Senior Flower Committee. G. A. A., '33, '34, '35. Champion Basketball Team, '34. Champion Volley Ball Team, '33. Pep Club, '33, '34, '35.

MARTIN GOLDFIN . . Service Club, '35. Inter-Class Basketball, '34, '35. Senior Banquet Committee, '35. Senior Class Day Program, '35. Service Club Play, '35.

JACK L. GUBKIN . . Banner Committee. Service Club, '35. Swimming Squad; Letterman, '34, '35. Inter-Class Basketball, '34, '35; Champs, '35. Basketball Squad, '35.

ESTHER GOODMAN . . Honor Society. Service Club, '33, '34, '35. Motto Committee; Chairman. Art Appreciation Club, '35; President. Agassiz Club, '34, '35; Secretary, '35. Library Club, '34, '35. Round Table, '34, '35. Pep Club, '33, '34, '35.

GEORGE EDICK . . Basketball Squad, '32. Golf Squad, '32. Inter-Class Basketball Coach, '33, '34, '35. Inter-Class Basketball Referee, '35. Coach; Soldan Second Basketball Team, '34, '35. Chairman; Banner Committee, '35. Spring Golf Tournament, '32, '33, '34. Designer of Class Banner.

MAXINE FRELICH . . Senior Banner Committee. Agora, '35. Les Chanteuses, '35.

MYRTLE KATHLEEN FYOCK . .

HARRY FRED . . Mixed Chorus, '33, '34, '35.

MILTON FOX . . Orchestra, '33, '34, '35; "Flower of Venezia." Chess Club, '35. Tennis Tournament, '34, '35. Song Committee. Inter-Class Basketball Championship 8's, '35.

SHIRLEY GASKIN . . Chemistry Club, '32, '33. Pep Club.

The Scrip

ROLAND HITT . . Senior Motto Committee. Mixed Chorus, '34, '35.

LOIS HAMMER . . Senior Banquet Committee. Girls' Council, '34. Service Soldan Seal.

DORIS ESTELLE HARDY . . Agora, '35. Pep Club, '33, '34.

LUCIEN HOROWIT . . Agora, '33. Senior Announcement Committee.

CEDRIC KING JONES . . Senior Picture Committee.

MYRA LOUISE HARMON . . Composer of Class Song. Co-Chairman, Music Committee. Class Day Trio. Chaminade, '34, '35; Operetta. Pep Club, '33, '34. Junior Chaminade, '33.

ROBERT KRAEUCHI . .

LORRAINE HEICHELBECK . . Commencement Oration.

MARY ATHOLIE HARRINGTON . . Pep Club, '33, '34, '35.

BENJAMIN HARVEY KLEYMAN . . Basketball: Letterman, '33, '34, '35. H. S. Champions, '33; State Tournament, '34, '35. Glee Club, '34, '35; "Musicland." Mixed Chorus, '33. Senior Activity Committee. Referee; Soldan Basketball Tournament, '34. Coach; Soldan Basketball Tournament, '35.

ELI KUTTEN . . Senior Social Committee. Tennis Team, '35; Letterman, '35. "Musicland," '35.

GERALDINE MARGARET HORAN . .

The Scrip

EDWARD W. LEVY . . Senior Banner Committee. Agassiz, '33.

ADELE HORWITZ . . Dancing Club, '34. Pep Club, '33, '34. Chemistry Club, '33. Senior Social Committee.

EVELYN B. HUFFORD . . Honor Society. Senior Banner Committee. Chaminade, '35, '36. Pep Club, '34, '35, '36. "Twelfth Night." "Flower of Venezia." Writers' Club.

CHARLES McCLELLAN . . Tennis, '33. Inter-Class Basketball, '32, '33; Letterman, '34. Inter-Class Coach, '34, '35. Second Team; Coach, '34, '35. Senior Picture Committee.

BENJAMIN J. MILLER . . Band, '33, '34, '35; Secretary-Treasurer, '35, '36. Concert Band, '34, '35, '36. "Musicland." Harmonica Club, '34. Washington U. Contest; City Band Champs, '34. Senior Dance Orchestra, '34, '35.

SARAH KARRAKER . . Honor Society; Vice President. Service Club, '34; Vice President, '35. Library Club, '34; Secretary, '35. G. A. A., '34; Missouri "M"; Small "S." Announcement Committee; Chairman. Girls' Council, '35. Pep Club, '34, '35.

HAROLD FREDRICK MILLER . . Agora, Spring, '35.

EDITH KINNISON . . Scrippage, '35. German Club, '34, '35. Cap and Gown Committee.

DENA KOVSKY . . Service Club, '35. Round Table, '34, '35. Library Club, '34, '35. Pep Club, '33, '34.

WILLIAM FRANCIS MILLER . . Baseball Team, '34, '35; Letterman.

ALBERT A. MUELLER . . German Chorus, '34, '35. Senior Social Committee.

ELEANOR LACHTERMAN . . Mixed Chorus, '34.

The Scrip

WILLIAM DANIEL MURPHY . .

JUNE LEDBETTER . . Pep Club.

FANNIE LISS . . Service Club, '35. Cap and Gown Committee.

JAMES DENNIS MURPHY, Jr. . . Track Team, '35; Letterman. Rostrum, '33, '34. Debating Team, '34. Band, '33, '34, '35. Cap and Gown Committee.

THEODORE MYERS . .

EDITH HERGET LONG . . Social Committee. Service Club, '35. Agassiz Club, '35. Chaminade, '35. Girls' Council, '34. Washington U. Contest, '35. Columbia, Mo., Contest, '35.

STANLEY E. NELSON . .

BERNICE RUTH MARTIN . . Chaminade, '35.

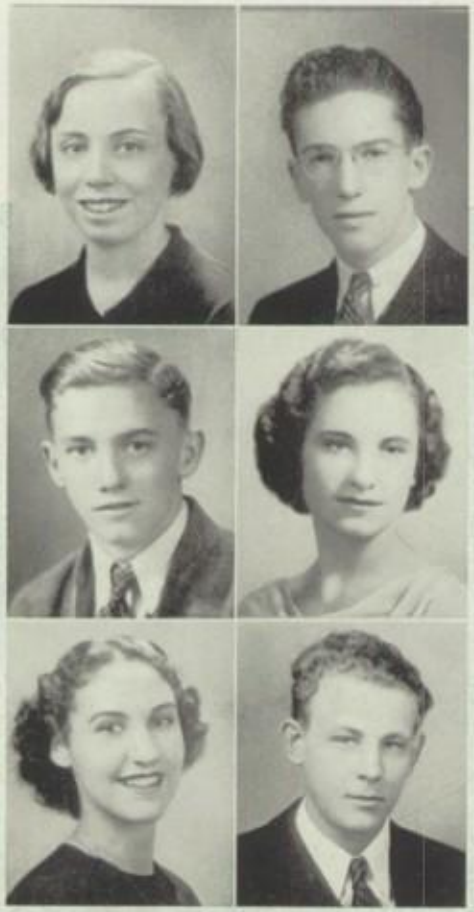
MARIE JANE MONROE . . Mixed Chorus. Washington U. Music Contest, '34. Pep Club, '32, '33. Music Committee.

HARRY PLATT . .

ABRAHAM JOSEPH PRATZEL . . Agora, '34, '35.

MARY ANNE MOYNIHAN . . Pep Club. G. A. A.

The Scrip



ROSE NADLER . . Round Table, '34, '35; Sergeant-at-Arms. G. A. A., '33, '34; Small Soldan "S." Writers' Club, '35. Art Appreciation, '35.

ELMER PRICE . . Honor Society; President. Service Club, '33, '34, '35; President, '35. Rostrum, '33, '34, '35; President, '35. Seal, '35. Debating Team, '33, '34, '35. Captain, Negative Team, '35. Dramatic Guild, '34, '35. Scrippage, '35; Sports Editor. Tennis Squad, '34, '35; Letterman. Track Squad, '34. Agora, '35.

BARRY QUIRK . . Senior Ring Committee. Service Club, '35.

LETA MAE NELSON . . Honor Society. Social Committee. Service Club. G. A. A., '32, '33, '34, '35.

WILMA NIEMAN . . Art Appreciation Club, '35; Secretary, '35. Writers' Club, '35. Dancing Club, '34. Glee Club and Band Show, '35. Chaminade, '35. Les Chanteuses, '34. Washington U. Contest, '35.

WALTER GELLUS RATUSHINSKY . .

CHARLES VICTOR RUDLOFF . . Seven's Basketball Inter-Class Champions, '34.

HELEN RICHTER . .

ANTOINETTE MARIE PIRRONE . . Les Chanteuses, '34. Chaminade, '34, '35. "Flower of Venezia," '34; Two-Year Seal, Washington U. Contest, '35. Pep Club, '35. Skating Club, '35. Banner Committee.

JOSEPH DUANE RUDLOFF . .

ALBERT ROTHSCHILD . . Scrippage, '35; Feature Editor. Golf Squad, '35. Golf Spring Tournament, '34, '35. Track Squad, '35. Senior Finance Committee.

MINETTE PESSIKOFF . .

The Scrip

HARRY SANDLER . . Senior Picture Committee; Chairman. Service Club, '35. Senior Track Squad, '34. Inter-Class Basketball, '33, '34, '35. Champs 8's, '35; All-Star Basketball Squad, '35.

RUTH LEE ROBERTS . . Honor Society. Service Club, '34, '35. Agora, '34, '35; Second Vice President, '35. Senior Executive Committee. Bulletin Committee; Chairman. Library, '35. Round Table '34. Art Appreciation, '34; Program Chairman, '35.

MARGARET ANN ROBINSON . . Senior Announcement Committee.

HAROLD J. SCHAEFFER . . Marching Band, '32, '33, '34, '35. Concert Band, '32, '33, '34, '35. Novelty Band, '33, '34, '35. All-Star Band, '35. Washington U. Contest, '34.

RAYMOND O. SCHULTZ . . Football, '34, '35; Letterman, '35. Track Squad, '34, '35; Letterman, '35. Cross Country Race, '33. Agora, '34. Senior Picture Committee. Cap and Gown Committee; Chairman.

MARIE RUDOLPH . . Mixed Chorus, '34, '35. Washington U. Contest, '34, '35.

EDWARD SHED, Jr. . . Philatelic Society, '33.

JEANNETTE SANDMEL . . Honor Society. Service Club. Agora, '34, '35. Agassiz, '33, '34, '35; Secretary, '35; President, '35. Soldan Seal, '35. American History Club. G. A. A., '33, '34, '35; Small "S"; Senior "S." Picture Committee.

RUTH SACKS . . Service Club, '35. Senior Banquet Committee. Scrippage Staff. Dancing Club, '34. Round Table, '34. Pep Club, '33, '34, '35. Chemistry Club, '33.

EDWARD SCHWARZKOPF . .

WIEDER DAVID SIEVERS . . Honor Society; Marshal. Harvard Book Award, '35. Dramatic Guild, '33, '34, '35; President, '35. "Twelfth Night," "The Violin Maker of Cremona," "A Dispatch Goes Home," "Christmas Courtin'," "The Doctor"; Director. Motto Committee. Class Play. Service Club, '35.

RUTH SCHAPERKOTTER . . Service Club, '35. Senior Activity Committee; Chairman. Les Chanteuses, '34. Chaminade, '34, '35. Pep Club.

The Scrip

HAROLD STRICKER . . Mixed Chorus, '35. German Club, '34, '35. German Chorus, '34, '35. Announcement Committee, '35. Washington U. Music Contest, '35.

LOIS N. SCHULEIN . . Honor Society. Service Club, '35. Senior Ring Committee.

ALTHEA MAY SEAGRAVE . . Honor Society. Senior Social Committee. Service Club. G. A. A., '34, '35. Skating Club. Junior "S." Missouri "M."

JOHN SWANDER . . Honor Society. Service Club, '35. Rostrum, '34, '35. Debating Team, '34, '35; St. Louis Champions, '34, '35; Seal. Senior Banquet Committee; Co-Chairman.

IRWIN TUCKER . . Service Club, '35. Senior Social Committee. German Chorus, '34. German Club, '35. Inter-Class Basketball, '35. Glee Club. Patrons' Alliance Scholarship Show, '35. Group Chairman, '34, '35. Class Day Program. Service Club Play, '35.

MINNIE SHERMAN . . Art Appreciation Club, '35.

DOROTHY A. SPRINGMEYER . . Senior Finance Committee.

WILLIAM R. WIENTGE . . Champion Seven's; Inter-Class Basketball Tournament, '34.

VIRGINIA JANE SPEAK . . Co-Chairman; Banquet Committee. Chaminade, '33, '34, '35; President, '34; Vice President, '35. Les Chanteuses, '35; President, '35. Band Show, '33. Soloist in Glee Club Concert, '34. "Flower of Venezia." Class Day Trio, '35. Washington U. Contests, '33, '34. Columbia, Mo., Contest, '35.

MURIEL SOLTZ . . Service Club, '35. Senior Activity Committee.

WILLIAM WEINER . . Service Club, '35. Junior Track, '34, '35. Senior Finance Committee. Cross Country, '33, '34. Four's Inter-Class Basketball Team, '33.

NELLENE PORTER SMITH . . Senior Banner Committee. Service Club, '35. Round Table, '34.

The Scrip

ARTHUR WOLFF . .

CELESTE STEIN . . Chaminade, '34, '35.

MARY MARGARET TAYLOR . . Honor Society. Service Club, '35. Senior Music Committee. Chaminade, '34, '35. Pep Club.

MARCIA HARRIET STERNECK . . Senior Bulletin Committee. Mixed Chorus, '33, '34. Scrippage Typist, '35.

PAULA GOLDA TOBIAS . . Senior Executive Committee. Book Supply Assistant, '34, '35. Author of Class Song. Pickering Club, '34, '35; Secretary, '35. Service Club, '35; Seal. Writers' Club, '35. Art Appreciation, '34.

SIDNEY PERSHING WOLFF . . Band, '33, '34, '35. Orchestra, '35. Senior Music Committee.

VIRGINIA UHLMANSIEK . . Honor Society. Senior Color Committee; Chairman. Two Year Scholarship Seal. Service Club; Chairman. Agora, '34.

LOREN WOOD . . Honor Society; Secretary. Service Club, '35; Secretary. Football Squad, '34. Mathematics Club, '34, '35; Treasurer, '35. Rostrum, '34. Senior Finance Committee.

CLARENCE TIMM . . German Club, '34, '35. German Chorus, '34, '35. Mixed Chorus, '34, '35. Washington U. Music Contest, '35.

THELMA WALTUCH . . Finance Committee. Service Club. Round Table, '34.

VIRGINIA WITTCOFF . . Honor Society. Senior Finance Committee. Service Club, '34, '35. Agassiz Club, '34, '35; Vice President, '35. Art Appreciation, '35. Round Table, '34.

FRANCES MARION WEBER . . Agora, '35. Les Chanteuses, '35. Senior Announcement Committee.

JACKSON M. ANDERSON . . Marching Band, '32, '33, '34, '35. Concert Band, '32, '33, '34, '35. Novelty Band, '34, '35. All-Star Band, '35. Washington U. Contest, '33, '34, '35.

HERMAN BEITCH . . Chess Club.

CLARENCE BLANFORD . .

MELVIN BLOCK . .

IRVING BRIN . . Cross Country, '33. Inter-Class Basketball, '33, '34, '35; Champions, '35. Basketball Squad, '34. Agora, '35. Picture Committee.

JOHN FRANCIS CARTON . .

GEORGE COMINOS . . Inter-Class Basketball Tournament, '33, '34, '35. Second Team Basketball, '33, '34.

RUDOLPH ESSES . . Inter-Class Champs, '35. Basketball, Consolation Division. Tennis Tournament, Fall, '35.

ANITA EUFINGER . . Les Chanteuses, '32.

ROBERT G. HUMPHREY . . Aero Club; Sergeant-at-Arms. Flower Committee.

HERBERT H. JAFFEE . . Mixed Chorus, '35.

FRANK KETCHER . .

IDA KOSLOFF . .

JEANETTE M. KRAMER . .

ALFRED J. LONG . . Senior Music Committee. Glee Club, '33, '34, '35. Washington U. Contest, '34. "Flower of Venezia." "A Trip Through Musicland."

GUSSIE SCHER . . Service Club, '35. Senior Ribbon Committee.

JAMES HOFFMANN . . Football, '34, '35. Track, '35; Letterman. German Chorus, '34, '35.

DONNA LEE STUART BECKHAM . . Les Chanteuses, '34, Chaminade, '34. G. A. A., '34, '35.

JOY ZALLEE . . Chaminade, '34, '35.

MILTON L. ZORENSKY . . Senior Ring Committee; Chairman. Service Club, '34, '35. Glee Club, '34, '35; Librarian, '35. First Prize, Washington U. Competition, '34. Philatelic Society, '33, '34, '35. Sergeant-at-Arms, '34; President, '35. "Flower of Venezia." "Musicland." Patrons' Alliance Show.

MARGARET E. McWILLIAMS . .

RAYMOND A. MESTON . . Senior Activities Committee.

JOHN MELVIN PENNINGTON . .

ALBERT L. QUELCH . .

SARAH GERTRUDE RUBIN . . Chaminade, '34, '35. "Flower of Venezia." Washington U. Contest.

MARVIN S. RUBINSTEIN . .

DOLORES RUEDIGER .

LEONARD H. SACKS . .

GEORGE SHEAR . .

GRACE STEWART . . G. A. A.

ROBERT STILLWELL . .

JOHN J. WILLIAMS . . Football, '35.

EILEEN MARIE WRIGHT . .

AUTOGRAPHS

COLORS: Purple, Orchid, Yellow

Class Song

"AUDE ALIQUID DIGNUM"

Words by Paul Heine; Music by Ruth Cohen

Raise your voice to Soldan;
Sing her praises high,
Tell of her lasting glory,
Shout it to the sky.
Come before her altar
In true simplicity,
Looking to the future
With all sincerity.

Now we stand before thee,
Ready to go our way;
In our hearts a longing
By thy side to stay.
As we reach this crossroad
Proudly we proclaim
We'll dare something worthy
To honor more thy name.

AUTOGRAPHS

Officers and Sponsors

June Class 1936

KATHERINE PFEIFFER . . Sponsor.

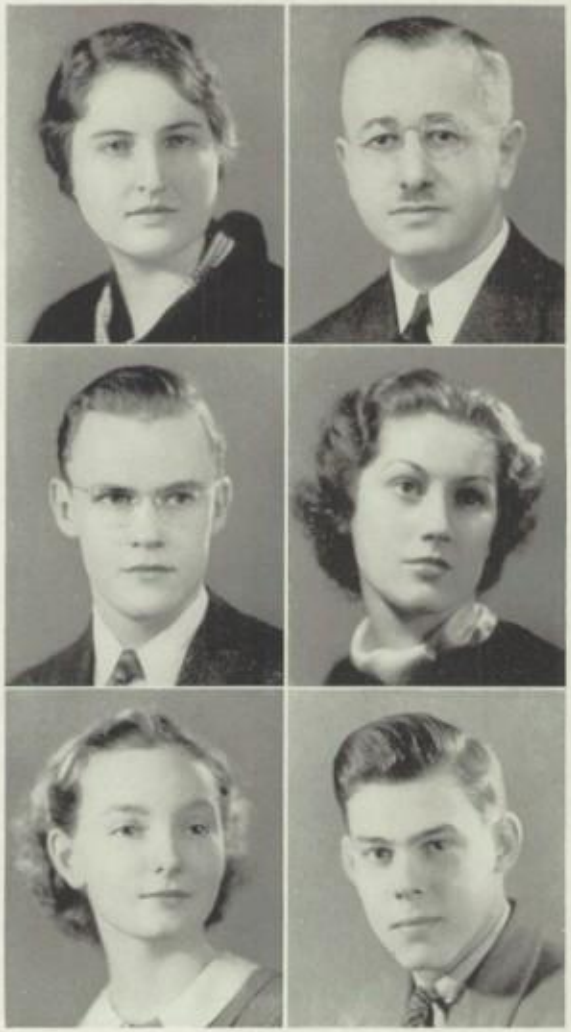
FRANK O. KRUH . . Sponsor.

DANIEL J. BERKTOLD . . Senior President. Honor Society. Scrippage Staff, '35, '36; Editor-inChief, '35; Copy Editor, '36. Debating Team, '34-'36; Affirmative Captain, '36; St. Louis Interscholastic Champions, '35, '36. Rostrum; Vice President, '34-'36. Service Club, '35, '36. Finance Committee.

FLORENCE McMAHON . . Senior Vice President. Service Club. Senior Social Committee; Chairman. Senior Finance Committee. Scrippage Staff, '35; News Editor, '36. Dramatic Guild, '33, '34; "Twelfth Night," Junior Chaminade, '33. Chaminade, '34; Vice President, '35. "Flower of Venezia."

MARY LOUISE WILKER . . Senior Secretary. Honor Society. Two Year Scholarship Seal. Service Club, '35, '36. G. A. A., '33-'36. Junior "S." Camera Club, '35, '36. Les Chanteuses; Treasurer, '35. Needlework Guild, '33, '34. Finance Committee.

CHARLES LUNAN . . Senior Treasurer. Football, '34, '35; Letterman. Basketball, '34, '35; Letterman. Baseball, '35, '36. Band, '32-'34. Glee Club, '35. Service Club.



.... THE SCRIP

ALICE MAY LEFFLER . . Honor Society. Les Chanteuses, '35, '36. Chaminade, '36. Pep Club, '35, '36. Hiking-Sketching Club, '36. Banner Committee.

EUSTACE KING . . Rostrum, '34, '35.

ROSE LEBOWITZ . .

MARY GRACE LEDDY . . Chaminade, '33-'36; President, '35. Washington U. Music Competition, '33-'35. Columbia Contest, '35. G. A. A., '32, '33. Pep Club, '32.

RICHARD KURTZ . . Senior Ring Committee. Football, '34, '35; Letterman.

KATHLEEN LANCASTER . . Honor Society. Art Appreciation.

DAN BAGBY . . Football, '33-'35; Letterman, '34, '35. Baseball; Letterman, '35. Golf Team, '34, '35; Spring Tournament, '34-'36. Junior Track Team, '34. Philatelic Society, '33.

BETTY MARIE BARON . . Agora, '36.

LILLIAN BERMAN . . Orchestra, '32-'36; Concertmeister, '34-'36; President, '35. Needlework Guild, '33-'36. Service Club, '34-'36. Music Appreciation, '33-'35; Secretary, '35. Music Committee. String Quartet, '35. Soldan Seal. Symphony Scholarship, '34, '35. All-City High School Orchestra, '32-'34. "Flower of Venezia." Washington U. Orchestra Contest. American Legion Oratorical Contest, Soldan, '36.

GERALD BAILEY . . Football Team, '35; Letterman. Basketball Team, '35, '36; Letterman, '36. Soldan Representative; "Choose A Career Conference."

CLAUDE BURNETT . .

FAYE BORTNICK . . Honor Society. Service Club, '35, '36. Agora, '35, '36; Vice President, '36. Scrip Staff, '36. Philatelic Society, '34-'36; Secretary, '35; Treasurer, '35. Writers' Club, '35. Biology Reading Club, '35.

THE SCRIP....

MILTON HAHN . .

RITA DUDECK . . Honor Society. Service Club, '36. Scrip Staff, '36. Senior Picture Committee. Pep Club, '34-'36. Camera Club, '34-'36; Secretary, '35; Vice President, '36.

PHYLLIS EVERETT . . Honor Society. Agora, '34. Service Club, '35, '36. Ha Ivria, '34; Treasurer, '35, '36. German Club and Chorus, '32-'35. Class Day Play.

PAUL HEINE . . Agora, '35, '36; Assistant Treasurer, '35; Treasurer, '35, '36. Scrip Staff, '36. Glee Club, '34-'36; President, '35, '36; Secretary-Treasurer, '35, '36; Vice President, '36. "Flower of Venezia." "Musicland." Soldan Seal; Glee Club. Soldan Seal; Scrippage. Harmonica Club, '34, '35; Vice President, '34. Music Committee, Chairman. Author Class Song.

DICK GREER . . Senior Social Committee.

MARY ELIZABETH EWALT . . Senior Chamnade, '34-'36. Agora, '34, '35; Secretary, '35. Dramatic Guild, '34, '35. "Flower of Venezia." Service Club. "The Missing Fiance."

PEARL WALDMAN . . Scrip Staff, '36.

ROGER STEPHENSON . .

TOBY WAX . . Service Club, '35, '36. Scrip Staff, '36. Ha Ivria, '35, '36; Secretary, '36. Pep Club, '35. Forum, '35. Music Appreciation, '33.

JUNE WILLIAMS . . Honor Society. Service Club, '35, '36. Pep Club, '34-'36.

RUSSELL ROBERT TORLINA . .

LOUISE WINTERMAN . . Library Club, '35, '36. Service Club, '36.

.... THE SCRIP

GEORGE MONROE . . Inter-Class Basketball, '35. Track, '36.

JANEY MOSS . . Dramatic Guild, '34-'36. Sketching and Hiking Club, '36. Skating Club; Secretary, '34, '35.

JOHN MITCHELL . . Glee Club, '36.

ESTELLE MUELLER . .

NANCY NOONAN . . Honor Society. Les Chanteuses, '34, '35; Secretary, '35.

CURTIS NATIONS . . Scrip Staff, '36. "Flower of Venezia." "Musicland." Glee Club, '35, '36. Music Committee.

SIDNEY KAUFMAN . . Track Squad, '34-'36. Cross Country, '33-'35. Service Club, '35, '36. Rostrum, '34, '35. Pickering Club, '35. Ring Committee. Two Year Scholarship Seal. Inter-Class Basketball, '34.

RHODA KERSHMAN . . G. A. A., '34-'36; Junior "S"; Senior "S."

MERLE D. KRAMER . . Honor Society. Service Club, '34-'36. Scrippage Staff, '35; Alumni Editor, '36. American History Club, '35, '36. Library Club, '35, '36. Senior Play Committee.

CHARLOTTE KOEHLER . . Honor Society. Service Club, '35, '36. American History Club, '35, '36; Vice President, '35; President, '36. G. A. A., '33-'36; Junior "S"; Large "S"; Missouri "M." German Club, '34, '35. Picture Committee.

DOROTHY LAMBERT . . Service Club, '35, '36. Agassiz Club, '35, '36. Senior Banner Committee.

RAYFORD KELL . . Chess Club.

THE SCRIP....

ROBERT J. LIPSITZ . . Service Club, '34-'36. Picture Committee. Camera Club, '35; President, '36. Scrippage Class, '35; Feature Editor, '36. Junior Track Team; Letterman, '34. Inter-Class Basketball 4's, '33; Coach of 5's, '34; Student Manager, '35. Basketball, Second Team, '33; Student Manager, '33; Squad, '34. Football Squad, '35; Student Manager, '36.

SHIRLEY McGOWAN . .

VERA McNEW . .

ELLIS LIPSITZ . . Service Club, '34-'36. Chess Club, '33-'35; Secretary, '33; Vice President, '34. Chess Team, '33-35. Track Squad, '33. Baseball Squad, '34. Basketball, Second Team, '34, '35. Tennis Team, '35; Letterman; Tennis Tournament, '34, '35. Inter-Class Basketball Team '33-'35. Inter-Class Basketball Champions, '35; All Star Team, '35.

CHARLES McCANN . . Letterman; Senior Track, '36. Junior Track, '35; Football, '35. Glee Club, '35, '36. Music Committee.

DAVINA MacKENZIE . . Scrippage, Cub Editor, '35; Assistant Editor, '36. G. A. A., Junior "S."

SOLLE GERVICH . . Inter-Class Basketball, '33-'35.

CAROL CONNOR . . Les Chanteuses, '34, '35. Chaminade, '35, '36; Washington U. Contest; Missouri State Convention. Pep Club, '35, '36.

RUDOLPH FREEDMAN . . American History Club, '35, '36; Co-Founder, President, '35. Gorgas Essay Contest; Mo. State Award, '35. Mathematics Club, '34-'36; Librarian, '35; Vice-President, '36. Picture Committee, '36. Service Club, '34-'36.

BETTY COULTAS . . Les Chanteuses; Librarian, '34, '35. Chaminade; Librarian, '35.

DAVID FELDMAN . . Agora, '35. Service Club, '35, '36. Ha Ivria, '35, '36; Treasurer, '36. Class Day Play.

RUTH COHEN . . Honor Society. Service Club, '34-'36. Agora, '34. Scrippage Staff, '35; Feature Editor, '36. Boys' Glee Club; Accompanist, '35, '36. Orchestra, '33-'36. Chaminade, '35. American History Club, '35, '36; Secretary, '36. Library Club, '35, '36. Music Appreciation, '34. St. Louis City H. S. Orchestra, '33, '34. Symphony Scholarship, '35, '36. Music Committee. Academic Seal; Orchestra. Composer of Class Song. Glee Club; Activity Seal.

.... THE SCRIP

FLORINE LIPPMAN . .

DAVID KESSLER . . Senior Play Committee. Service Club, '35, '36. Chess Team, '36. Library Club, '35. Chess Club, '35, '36. Scrip Staff, '36.

JUNE LONGWORTH . . Honor Society; Secretary. Service Club; Secretary, '35, '36. Camera Club, '35, '36. G. A. A., '34-'36; Secretary, '35. Missouri "M"; Junior "S." Chaminade, '33, '34. Ring Committee. Finance Committee.

FLORENCE MAGID . .

MORRIS KLEINER . . Service Club, '35, '36. Ha Ivria, '36. Inter-Class Basketball, '33-'35. "B" Basketball, '35.

MILDRED CLAIRE MANGER . . Dramatic Guild, '34-'36; Treasurer, '35; President, '36; "Twelfth Night"; "Christmas Courtin' "; "The Christmas Shadow." Senior Play Committee.

BOB McEWEN . . Senior Social Committee. Scrip Staff, '36.

FLAVIA MEYERS . . Scrippage Staff; Typist, '35, '36. Service Club, '36. Agora; Assistant Secretary, '36. Girls' Council, '35.

MARY LOU MILES . . Mixed Chorus, '34-'36. Washington University Music Contest, '35.

JOHN McKNIGHT . . Agora, '36.

DON MEYERS . . Scrippage, '35, '36; Sports Editor, '36.

MARY MORAN . .

THE SCRIP....

FRANK DAME . .

MUSA CHILDRESS . . Chaminade, '35, '36; Washington U. Contest, '36.

DOROTHY COHEN . . Needlework Guild, '35, '36. Mixed Chorus, '35, '36. Senior Play Committee.

VICTOR ELLMAN . . Service Club, '35, '36. Mathematics Club, '35, '36; Vice President, '35. Chess Club, '34-'36. Rostrum, '34. Swimming Team; Letterman, '34-'36; Missouri State Champs, '36. Social Committee. Two Year Scholarship Seal. Inter-Class Basketball; Captain, '34, '36. Activity Committee.

JAMES DIMITRIADES . . Football; Letterman, '34, '35; Captain, '35. Ring Committee. Baseball Team, '35, '36; Captain, '36. Glee Club, '34, '36; Secretary-Treasurer, '34. Basketball Team, '35, '36. Pickering Club, '34. Philatelic Society; Vice President, '34. Gym Club, '34. West End District Champion; American Legion Oratorical Contest, '36. Washington U. Oratorical Contest; Second.

DORETTA COHEN . . Scrip Staff, '36. Scrippage Staff, '35, '36. Ha Ivria, '35, '36. Senior Motto Committee. Senior Play Committee.

HARRISON STACEY . .

ELEANOR TORGROVE . . Chaminade, '36. Les Chanteuses, '35. Mixed Chorus, '34; Washington U. Contest; '34, '35.

WAYNE O'CONNOR . . Honor Society. Band, '35, '36; Vice President.

BERNICE ROVIN . . Music Appreciation, '34, '35.

JULIAN RAINEY . . Honor Society. Service Club, '35, '36. Inter-Class Basketball, '33, '34. Scrip Staff, '36.

RUTH PUTTOCK . . Honor Society. Service Club, '35, '36.

.... THE SCRIP

MARY CLARK INGRAM . . Chaminade, '35, '36; Secretary, '36. G. A. A., '33-'35; Junior "S." Finance Committee. Social Committee.

JOHN JOHNOFF . . Track, '36. Gym Club, '35.

SYLVIA ISENBURG . . Les Chanteuses, '33-'35. "Musicland."

RUTH HOFFMAN . .

RAY JANUARY . . Scrippage, '35; Alumni Editor, '36. Basketball; Letterman, '33-'35. Mixed Choral Club, '35, '36.

DORIS KELPE . . Service Club, '36. G. A. A., '33-'36; Junior "S"; Senior "S"; Missouri "M."

RICHARD IVES . . Football Team; Letterman, '34, '35. Band, '33-'35. Picture Committee.

RUTH HUNTER . . Honor Society; Treasurer, Service Club, '35, '36; Treasurer, '36. G. A. A., '33-'36; President, '35; Junior "S"; Senior "S"; Missouri "M." Camera Club, '35, '36. Ring Committee.

MARY LOUISE HORSTMANN . . Scrip Staff, '36.

SYLVIA HOROWIT . . Library Club, '35, '36. Service Club '35 '36. Agora, '36.

SHIRLEY HOFFMAN . . Mixed Chorus, '34, '35. Chaminade, '35, '36. "Flower of Venezia."

EUGENE KARROW . . Senior Banner Committee.

THE SCRIP....

JAMES GILBERT . . Honor Society. Soldan Seal, '35. Finance Committee. Agora, '34, '35; Assistant Treasurer, '34; Treasurer, '35.

RUTH COX . . Agora, '35.

MARY DAVIS . . Honor Society. Senior Social Committee. Service Club, '35, '36. G. A. A., '33-'36; Junior "S." Debating Squad, '35. Pep Club, '35, '36.

SIDNEY GOLDBERG . . Honor Society. Interscholastic Debating Team, '36. Rostrum, '35, '36; Treasurer, '36; Parliamentarian, '36. Agora, '36. Social Committee. Service Club, '36. Swimming Team, '35, '36.

HAROLD GOLDBERG . . Basketball, '34-'36; Captain, '35, '36. Track, '35, '36. Football, '36.

LOIS CURRY . . Honor Society. Service Club, '36. Banner Committee. Skating Club, '34, '35.

ROBERT BOYD . . Philatelic Society, '35, '36. Mixed Chorus, '34, '35. Scrip Staff, '36.

MARIE BOSTON . . Service Club, '36.

BAYLISS CORBETT . . Honor Society. Senior Picture Committee.

FRANCES BRADLEY . . Chaminade, '34-'36; Washington U. Contest, '34, '35, "Flower of Venezia."

JACOB COHEN . . Rostrum, '35, '36. Philatelic Society, '35, '36.

FRIEDA BUSH . .

.... THE SCRIP

CLAIR STALEY . . Senior Finance Committee. Swimming Team, '35, '36; Missouri State Swimming Champs, '36; Captain, '35, '36. Golf Team, '34, '35; Captain, '35.

ESTHER M. TEITLEBAUM . . Service Club, '35, '36.

HAROLD B. SOULE . . Service Club, '34-'36. American History Club, '35, '36; Co-Founder, Charter President, '35; Secretary, '35. Library Club, '34-'36; Program Chairman, '34; President, '35. Cheer Leader, '34-'36; Captain '35, '36. Inter-Class Basketball, '35. Motto Committee; Chairman. Play Production Committee.

GERTRUDE SEACAT . . Chaminade, '35, '36. Les Chanteuses, '35; Vice President. Picture Committee.

RUSSELL SMITH . . Agora, '35. Camera Club; Treasurer, '36. Track Letterman, '35. Inter-Class Basketball, '35.

MARGARET STOUP . . Honor Society. Service Club, '36. Camera Club, '34-'36. Pep Club, '34-'36.

DAVID RUBENSTEIN . . All St. Louis High School Orchestra, '33-'36. Soldan Orchestra, '33-'36; Vice President, '35. "Flower of Venezia." Citizenship Seal. Soldan Violin Quartet, '35, '36; Washington U. Contest, First Prize; '35. Southwestern Music Supervisors' Conference, '35. All High School Ensemble, '36. Soldan Symphony Club, '36; Charter Member. Music Appreciation Club, '33-'35; Vice President, '35. Scrippage, '35.

EILEEN RUSSELL . . Agora, '33, '34. Pep Club, '35, '36. Girls' Council, '33.

LAZELLE ROTH . . Scrip Staff, '36. Service Club, '36.

SANFORD SAFRON . . Inter-Class Basketball, '34-'36.

FRED SALE . . Dramatic Guild.

ZERLENE SALZMAN . .

WILLIAM R. KARSTETER . . Service Club, '35, '36. Debating Team, '35, '36; Interscholastic Champs, '35, '36. Rostrum, '34-'36; President, '36; Parliamentarian and Librarian, '35; Debating Seal. Scrippage; Sports Editor, '36. Ring Committee.

EDITH McCLINTON . .

SARABETH McDANIEL . . G. A. A., '33-'36; Junior "S"; Senior "S." Pep Club, '33-'35.

MONTE LOPATA . . Picture Committee. Scrippage; Club Editor, '35, '36. Service Club, '35, '36. Debating Squad, '35; Debating Team, '36. Tennis Team; Letterman, '35. Golf Team, '35; Chess Club; Marshal, '34; President, '35; Chess Team '35, '36; Soldan Champion, '36. Rostrum; Treasurer, '34-'36; Secretary, '35. Camera Club, '34-'36; Business Manager, '35. Inter-Class Basketball, '34-'36.

THOMAS LANE . .

LOIS McCULLOCH . . Honor Society; President. Service Club, '34-'36; President, '36. Two Year Scholarship Seal. G. A. A., '33-'36; Vice President, '35; Junior "S"; Missouri "M"; Senior "S." Picture Committee; Chairman. Agora, '35.

THE SCRIP....

FAYGA HALPERN . . Honor Society. Library Club '35, '36; Secretary-Treasurer, '36. Service Club, '35, '36. Round Table, '34; Sergeant-at-Arms, '34. Girls' Council, '34. Junior Chaminade, '33. Activity Committee.

SYLVESTER HOTZE . . Band, '33-'36; President, '35, '36; Concert Master, '35, '36; Washington U. Band Contest, '33, '34.

ROSE GANZ . . Agora, '35. Service Club, '36.

JANE GRACE . . Agora, '36. Service Club, '36; Needlework Guild, '35, '36. G. A. A., '35, '36; Junior "S." Picture Committee.

WILLIAM HENKEL . . Track, '35, '36; Letterman, '35. Mathematics Club, '36.

DOROTHY FARBER . . Service Club, '35, '36. Scrippage; Typist, '35; Exchange Editor, '36. Ring Committee. Play Committee. Orchestra; Librarian, '34; Secretary, '35. Music Appreciation, '33; Secretary, '34. Agassiz Club, '35. American History Club, '35. Needlework Guild, '33. Pep Club, '34, '35.

.... THE SCRIP

HARLEY WANTZ . .

MIRIAM YULE . . Senior Ring Committee; Chairman. Les Chanteuses, '34, '35; Librarian, '35. Chaminade, '35, '36. Pep Club, '34-'36. Agora, '36; Social Committee.

RICHARD WOLFHEIM . . Track Squad, '33, '34. Skating Club, '33.

VIRGINIA VAHLE . . Agora, '36. Mixed Chorus, '33-'35. Chaminade, '36. Senior Play; Leading Lady.

RICHARD WILLIAMS . . Glee Club, '35, '36. Track; Letterman, '35.

LEONA ZWEIG . . Honor Society. Dramatic Guild, '35, '36. Ha Ivria, '33-'36; Treasurer, '35. Service Club, '35, '36. Soldan Scholarship Seal. Financial Committee. Senior Play Committee; Chairman.

DOUGLAS OWENS . .

CATHERINE ROITHER . .

DORIS REGER . . Honor Society. Scrippage, '35; News Editor, '36. Service Club, '36. Social Committee.

JOHN D. PATTON . . Junior Band, '33. Band, '34-'36; Treasurer, '36. Ring Committee. Debate Team, '35, '36; Debate Tournament, '35. Chess Club, '36. Soldan Symphony Orchestra, '36.

ARLIE PARHAM . . Banner Committee.

VIRGINIA REARDON . .

BURTON SHATZ . . Service Club, '35, '36. Ha Ivria, '35; President, '36. Scrip Staff, '36.

ESTHER STEINBERG . . Honor Society. Scrippage Staff, '35; Club Editor, '36. Service Club, '33-'36. Agora, '34-'36. American History Club, '35, '36; Vice President, '36. Senior Play Committee. Debating Squad, '35, '36. Writers' Club, '35. Junior Chaminade, '33. American Legion Oratorical Contest.

ELSIE STALEY . . Les Chanteuses, '35. Mixed Chorus, '36. Scrip Staff, '36.

SELMA STEINBERG . . Service Club, '36.

ANNA W. STEIN . . Skating Club, '34, '35. Pep Club, '34, '35.

MORRIS SILVERMAN . . Scrip Staff, '36. Track Team, '35, '36. Ha Ivria, '34-'36; President, '35. Inter-Class Basketball, '35, '36. Class Day Play Committee, '36.

THE SCRIP....

NORMAN GREITZER . .

ROSE HELEN DAY . .

MARVIN GOLDSTEIN . . Inter-Class Basketball 7's, '35. Rostrum, '34-'36. Chess Club, '34-'36; Vice President, '36. Chess Team, '35, '36. Debating Team, '36. Philatelic Society, '34. Mixed Chorus, '35.

ROSE MARIE DEADMAN . . Chaminade, '34. Les Chanteuses, '34; "Flower of Venezia." Mixed Chorus, '34, '35.

MELVIN GREENBERG . . Service Club, '35, '36. Band, '33-'36; Washington U. Music Competition, '33.

DOROTHY DOBSON . . Chaminade, '34, '35. Mixed Chorus, '33, '34. "Flower of Venezia," '34. Scrip Staff, '36.

.... THE SCRIP

BEATRICE SCHER . . Service Club, '35, '36. Agassiz Club, '35, '36. Banner Committee; Chairman; Designer of Class Banner.

MILLS SCHANUEL . . Chemistry Club, '34. Glee Club, '35, '36.

ESTHER SHANKER . . Needlework Guild, '35, '36. Ha Ivria, '35, '36. Scrip Staff, '36.

LOIS SEEBURGER . . Service Club, '36. Debating Team, '35, '36. Hiking and Sketching Club, '36.

SIDNEY SCHREIBER . . Track Squad, '33. Football Squad, '34, '35. Rostrum, '33. Music Appreciation, '33.

MILDRED SOUTHWORTH . .

WAYNE WRIGHT . . Interscholastic Debating Team. Scrippage; News Editor, '35; Editor-in-Chief, '36. Honor Society; Vice President. Harvard Book Award. Service Club, '35; Vice President, '36. Scholarship Seal. Finance Committee.

MARGARET UEBERLE . . Mixed Chorus.

MARGUERETTE RIECHERS . . Honor Society; Marshal. Ring Committee. Service Club, '36. Camera Club, '35, '36. G. A. A., '34-'36; Junior "S"; Missouri "M." Agora, '35.

JEROME POTASHNICK . . Agora, '36. Social Committee. Glee Club, '35. Chess Club, '34-'36. Mixed Chorus, '34. Inter-Class Basketball, '33-'35.

HARRY PAUL . . Scrippage Staff; Exchange Editor, '35; Humor Editor, '36. Debating Team, '36; Debating Squad, '35. Rostrum. Chess Club; Secretary-Treasurer, '34, '35; President, '36. Scrip Staff, '36. Mathematics Club, '34. Chess Team, '34-'36. Chemistry Club, '34. Inter-Class Basketball, '34, '35.

IDA RADINSKY . . Ha Ivria, '35, '36. Junior Chaminade, '33. Pep Club, '35.

THE SCRIP....

ADRIAN STEEL . .

MARGUERITE TRICE . . Dramatic Guild, '36; "Christmas Shadow." Senior Play Committee.

EMILIE PICKERING . . Dramatic Guild, '34-'36. Pep Club, '34, '35. Chaminade, '36.

FRANK NORRIS . . Band, '32-'35; Washington U. Contest, '33.

JOHN O'CONNELL . . Football Team; Letterman, '33. Captain, '34. Basketball; Letterman, '33, '34. Baseball; Letterman, '34. Social Committee.

SOPHIE PLATT . . Chaminade, '35. Pep Club, '33-'36. Needlework Guild, '34-'36; Buyer, '35, '36. Agora, '36. Scrippage Staff; Typist, '35, '36; Humor Editor, '36. Ha Ivria, '35. Junior Chaminade, '33.

RONALD DAVIES . . Inter-Class Basketball Sevens.

EUGENE DEPENDAHL . . Honor Society. Service Club, '36.

WILLIAM DONAHUE . .

JOHN DREW . . Junior Track Squad, '34.

BERNARD GARFIELD . . Baseball, '34, '35. Inter-Class Basketball, '33, '34.

ERWIN GEISLER . .

JOHN GETZ . .

HYMAN GILLERMAN . . Ha Ivria Club, '36.

MARY ANN GODFREY . .

EDWARD GORDON . .

PETER GREGGERSEN . .

JOSEPH HELLMUTH . . Scrip Staff, '36.

SALLY CROXTON KING . . Junior Chaminade; Secretary, '33, '34. Chaminade, '34-'36; Treasurer, '35, '36. "Flower of Venezia." Class Song Committee.

SAM KOLTUN . .

ROBERT LAWLOR . .

JAMES MATHERS . . Glee Club, '35, '36. Ring Committee.

EDWARD McGUE . .

KARL METZGER . . Gym Club, '33.

CHARLES MIDDLETON . .

ROY J. MUFFLER . .

ROSS NEWHOUSE . . Baseball Team, '34.

LUCILLE O'NEAL . .

JACK PLACKMEYER . .

JOE SGARLATA . . Baseball Team, '35; Coach, 8's. First and Second Teams. Inter-Class Basketball Champions, '35.

JACK WOLTJEN . .

ALBERT ZONNIS . . Mathematics Club, '35, '36.

SUMMER SCHOOL

TROUTHE HONOUR FREDOM CURTEISYE

SUMMER SCHOOL CANDIDATES FOR GRADUATION

RUBY ADAMS . . Sketching and Hiking Club. Pep Club. Scrip Staff, '36.

ELLIS BLUMBERG . . Cheer Leader, '35, '36. Track Squad, '33-'35; Letterman, '35. Mixed Chorus, '33-'35. Ha Ivria, '34.

WYNESS BROWN . .

JOE CHASSAING . .

JOE ROBERT COFFMAN . .

GREGORY KINTES . . Gym Club, '32-'34. Stamp Club, '35.

PHYLLIS KIPPEL . . Les Chanteuses, '34. Chaminade, '34, '35. Orchestra, '35, '36.

SELWYN KOHRS . . Agora, '33.

WALTER KOZIATEK . . Baseball, '33. Football, '33.

GORDON LOFF . . Senior Motto Committee.

BILL LONG . . Glee Club, '35, '36.

JACK NADER . . Swimming Team, '33-'35 Glee Club, '35, '36.

MARGARET DAME . .

EDWARD TURNURE . . Stamp Club, '34, '35 Mathematics Club, '35, '36.

VIOLA KETTERER . . Pep Club, '33, '34.

Night View
Soldan High School
Entrance

I must become a borrower of the night

ORGANIZATIONS

The Torchbearers, January Class

THE Soldan Chapter of the National Honor Society is known as the Torchbearers. Election to membership in the Honor Society, which is limited to 15 per cent of the Senior Class, is the highest honor the faculty can bestow upon a student.

OFFICERS

Elmer Price . . . . . *President*
Sarah Elizabeth Karraker . *Vice President*
Marion Loren Wood . . . . *Secretary*
Sara Ann Glauber . . . . *Treasurer*
Wieder David Sievers . . . *Marshal*
Allie N. Rasmusson . *Faculty Sponsor*

MEMBERS . Ruth Berg . Doris Briell . Lillian Broida . Leonard A. Eastman . Fern Lawrence Eilers . Zelma Feldman . Sara Ann Glauber . Esther Marion Goodman . Evelyn B. Hufford . Sarah Elizabeth Karraker . Leta Mae Nelson . Eugene Newport . Ruby Petrov . Elmer Price . Ruth Lee Roberts . Jeannette Sandmel . Lois N. Schulein . Althea M. Seagrave . Wieder David Sievers . John Swander . Mary Margaret Taylor . Virginia Clara Uhlmansiek . Bernice Wittcoff . Virginia Wittcoff . Marion Loren Wood.

The Torchbearers, June Class

OFFICERS

Lois McCulloch . . . . . *President*
Wayne Wright . . . . . *Vice President*
June Longworth . . . . . *Secretary*
Ruth Hunter . . . . . *Treasurer*
Marguerette Riechers . . . . . *Marshal*
Allie N. Rasmusson . . . . . *Faculty Sponsor*

MEMBERS . Daniel J. Berktold . Faye Bortnick . Ruth J. Cohen . Bayliss Corbett . Lois Pintard Curry . Mary Edna Davis . Eugene William Dependahl . Rita Margaretta Dudeck . Phyllis Margaret Everett . James Brackett Gilbert . Sidney A. Goldberg . Fayga J. Halpern . Ruth Elizabeth Hunter . Charlotte Martha Louise Koehler . Merle Dorothy Kramer . Kathleen Lancaster . Alice-May Leffler . June Longworth . Lois Elizabeth McCulloch . Nancy Lea Noonan . Wayne O'Connor . Ruth Puttock . Julian Rainey . Doris Evelyn Reger . Marguerette Riechers . Esther Steinberg . Margaret Louise Stoup . Mary Louise Wilker . June Vivian Williams . Wayne Braxton Wright . Leona Zweig.

The Scrip Staff

For the third successive year the members of the Scrip Staff have ventured to produce a school annual that is different and distinctive, one that is worthy of Soldan. This policy is in harmony with the freedom that characterizes the modern year book. In departing from the conventional, however, we have sought to avoid the bizarre and to keep within the limits of good taste.

As the 1936 Scrip goes to press, we wish to thank the students whose loyal support has made this book possible. We can only hope that it will be a welcome surprise and later a pleasant companion.

EDITORIAL STAFF . Faye Bortnick . Doretta Cohen . Rita Dudeck . Lazelle Roth . Esther Shanker . Pearl Waldman . Morris Silverman.

Ruby Adams . Sara Jean Alexander . Selma Bornstein . Robert Boyd . Betty Brainard . George Burgess . Dorothy Dobson . Evelyn Erfer . Walter Evans . Oscar Glaessner . Charles Gottschalk . Paul Heine . Joseph Hellmuth . Marylouise Horstman . Virginia Jones . David Kessler . Bob McEwen . Curtis Nations . Harry Paul . Graydon Petzold . Paul Pollack . Julian Rainey . Alvin Sachar . Esther Shanker . Burton Shatz . Elsie Staley . Allan Walker . Toby Wax.

FACULTY SPONSORS

Mr. J. H. Herwig . . . . . *Business Manager*
Mr. Philip A. Gronemeyer . . . *Art Sponsor*
Mr. Charles R. Mann . . . . *Faculty Editor*

The Dramatic Guild

THE Dramatic Guild, whose purpose is to further the interest and appreciation of drama, is one of the most popular organizations at Soldan. Shortly after the beginning of the fall term, the Guild held the semi-annual try-out to increase all three of our divisions—the acting, the playwrighting, and the stage craft. In order that every one might have the chance to display his talent, Miss Lucas, our director, asked each member to prepare a brief characterization to be given before the Guild.

Plans for the Christmas production were immediately started, and on December twenty-fourth, "The Christmas Shadow" was presented for the entire school.

The Guild participated in the High School Festival at Washington University with "The Finger of God," which was also given at Soldan on April seventeenth.

At present all members of the Guild are at work reading and discussing one-act plays, one of which will be performed for the school during May.

OFFICERS, FALL TERM

John B. Bainbridge	*President*
Margaret Hart	*Vice President*
Mary Sue Hetherington	*Secretary*
Edward Oresman	*Treasurer*
Gertrude Lucas	*Faculty Sponsor*

OFFICERS, SPRING TERM

Mildred Manger	*President*
Allan Walker	*Vice President*
Mary Sue Hetherington	*Secretary*
James Swan	*Treasurer*
Gertrude Lucas	*Faculty Sponsor*

The Service Club, Fall Term

OFFICERS

Elmer Price . . . . . *President*

Sarah Karraker . . . . . *Vice President*

Loren Wood . . . . . *Secretary*

Sara Ann Glauber . . . . . *Treasurer*

MEMBERS . Blanche Albert . Ruth Alperin . Florence Bain . Bernice Baker . Regina Baker . Joe Beaver . Esther Becker . Jeanette Becker . Arthur Beddoe . Bernice Benjamin . Ruth Berg . Dan Berktold . Lillian Berman . Sara Bermi . Virginia Binford . Faye Bortnick . Betty Brainard . Doris Briell . Robert Buell . Gwendolyn Burt . Irwin Chekanoff . Florence Cohen . Ruth Jean Cohen . Virginia Anne Cook . Boyd Cooper . Dave Cornfeld . Mary Davis . Bernice Derlachter . Annamae Dickie . Leonard Eastman . Fern Eilers . Victor Ellman . Evelyn Erfer . Alice Ettinger . Phyllis Everett . Dorothy Farber . Gertrude Feiwell . David Feldman Zelma Feldman . William Fish . Sylvia Frederick . Rudolph Freedman . Bob Friedman . Anne Goldberg . Leona Goldberg . Sidney Goldberg . Martin Goldfin . Charlotte Goldman . Sidney Goldstein . Esther Goodman . Nancy Grolock . Beatrice Grossman . Imogene Grugett . Jack Gubkin . Fayga Halpern . A. C. Ham . Mollie Harding . Bernice Hemple . Sylvia Horowit . Ruth Hunter . William Karsteter . Sidney Kaufman . David Kessler . Evelyn Kessler . Eva Klamon . Morris Kleiner . Charlotte Koehler . Jacob

The Service Club, Fall Term

Krachmalnick . Natalie Kraitzer . Merle Kramer . Rose Kranzberg . Ruth Kovsky . Dorothy Lambert . Ezra Lander . Dora Leiderman . Gene Leipman . Miriam Levin . Stanley Levy . Ellis Lipsitz . Robert Lipsitz . Fannie Liss . Edith Long . June Longworth . Monte Lopata . Jack Malin . Elliott Markow . Lois McCulloch . June Myers . Leta Mae Nelson . Clyde Newhouse . Eugene Newport . Bill Oliver . Irene Pappas . Theodore Pappas . Clara Paskal . Dorothy Petrov . Ruby Petrov . Ruth Puttock . Barry Quirk . Julian Rainey . Sylvia Reif . Selig Resnick . Ruth Roberts . Dorothy Rorke . Helen Rosen . Harry Sandler . Ruth Sacks . Jeannette Sandmel . Ruth Schaperkotter . Mildred Shapiro . Irwin Scheiner . Stanley Scheiner . Beatrice Scher . Gussie Scher . Lois Schulein . Esther Schuver . Jean Schwartz . Althea Seagrave . Burton Shatz . Wieder Sievers . Adele Sklar . Nellene Smith . Muriel Soltz . Harold B. Soule . Esther Steinberg . John Swander . Joseph Swartz . Marvin Tanzer . Mary Taylor . Esther Teitlebaum . Paula Tobias . Irwin Tucker . Virginia Uhlmansiek . Mary Veatch . Thelma Waltuch . Toby Wax . William Weiner . Mary L. Wilker . June Williams . Bernice Wittcoff . Virginia Wittcoff . Wayne Wright . Hyman Zahtz . Milton Zorensky . Leona Zweig.

Scrippage, Fall Term

SCRIPPAGE was first published in 1917, but until 1921 was printed intermittently, owing to the war and to influenza epidemics. Since 1921, however, it has been a weekly paper, published by a Scrippage class working in conjunction with an editorial staff, supervised by a member of the faculty. To work on Scrippage is to combine an extra-curricular activity with regular English work, for credit is given in Senior English to those enrolling for a term or more. Naturally, the class demands more time than an ordinary English course. The name Scrippage was suggested by Mr. Powell in 1917. It is derived from Shakespeare's "As You Like It." The quotation reads: "Not with bag and baggage, yet with scrip and scrippage."

SCRIPPAGE STAFF	Fall Term
EDITOR-IN-CHIEF	Dan Berktold
NEWS EDITOR	Wayne Wright
SPORTS EDITOR	Elmer Price
FEATURE EDITOR	Albert Rothschild
HUMOR EDITOR	Marvin Ackerman
CLUB EDITOR	Monte Lopata
EXCHANGE EDITOR	Harry Paul
REPORTERS	Members of the Scrippage Class
TYPISTS	Doretta Cohen, Dorothy Farber, Flavia Meyers, Ruth Sacks, Marcia Sterneck
FACULTY SPONSOR	Miss Cameron

Scrippage, Spring Term

IT SEEMS that the work entailed in publishing Scrippage never ceases, for the class is kept busy from Monday to Friday, and the editors sometimes find it necessary to work over the week-ends. Much work is done after school on Mondays and Tuesdays, and the staff meets on Wednesday night for the purpose of making up the printer's "dummy." The Scrippage Class is divided into two groups, the members of the staff, and the "cubs." The former group is composed of those who have been in Scrippage a term, while the new members comprise the latter. Once every term the new members put out a paper which is known as the "cub" edition. The new staff is chosen from these cubs.

SCRIPPAGE STAFF — Spring Term

EDITOR-IN-CHIEF	Wayne Wright
ASSISTANT EDITOR	Davina MacKenzie
NEWS EDITORS	Doris Reger and Florence McMahon
SPORTS EDITORS	Bill Karsteter and Don Meyers
FEATURE EDITORS	Bob Lipsitz and Ruth Cohen
HUMOR EDITORS	Harry Paul and Sophie Platt
CLUB EDITORS	Monte Lopata and Esther Steinberg
EXCHANGE EDITOR	Dorothy Farber
ALUMNI EDITORS	Merle Kramer and Ray January
TYPISTS	Flavia Meyers and Doretta Cohen
COPY EDITOR	Dan Berktold
FACULTY SPONSOR	Miss Cameron

The Service Club, Spring Term

OFFICERS, SPRING TERM

Lois McCulloch . . . . . *President*
Wayne Wright . . . . . *Vice President*
June Longworth . . . . . *Secretary*
Ruth Hunter . . . . . *Treasurer*

MEMBERS . Blanche Albert . Ruth Alperin . Florence Bain . Bernice Baker . Regina Baker . Esther Becker . Jeannette Becker . Arthur Beddoe . Dan Berktold . Lillian Berman . Sara Bermi . Eugenia Bierman . Fred Bierman . John Billings . Dave Birenbaum . Selma Bornstein . Faye Bortnick . Marie Boston . Betty Brainard . Virginia Brainard . George Brick . Ray Budde . Robert Buell . Gwendolyn Burt . Virginia Caquelard . Forrest Carter . Irwin Chekanoff . Florence Cohen . Mary Cohen . Ruth Jean Cohen . Natalie Combs . Dave Cornfeld . Margaret Cremer . Lois P. Curry . Evelyn Davis . Mary Davis . Eugene Dependahl . Bernice Derlachter . Rita Dudeck . T. Duffell . Lorraine Eberhard . Lydia Eisenberg . Victor Ellman . Evelyn Erfer . Alice Ettinger . Phyllis Everett . Dorothy Farber . D. Feldman . Leo Finkelstein . Sylvia Frederick . Rudolph Freedman . Bob Friedman . Rose Ganz . Anne Goldberg . Leona Goldberg . Sidney Goldberg . Charlotte Goldman . Sidney Goldstein . Jane Grace . Nancy Grolock . Beatrice Grossman . Jean Grugett . Fayga Halpern . A. C. Ham . Mollie Harding . B. Hemple . Charles Hensley . Arnold Hochstein . Lucien

The Service Club, Spring Term

Horowit . S. Horowit . J. Isham . P. Jick . R. Johnson . W. R. Karsteter . S. Karraker . M. Katz . S. Kaufman . D. Kelpe . D. Kessler . E. Kessler . E. Klamen . M. Kleiner . C. Koehler . R. Kovsky . J. Krachmalnick . M. Krachmalnick . N. Kraitzer . M. Kramer . R. Kranzberg . D. Lambert . E. Lander . D. Leiderman . G. Leipman . M. Levin . S. Levy . Ellis Lipsitz . R. Lipsitz . M. Lopata . C. Lunan . E. McClinton . B. McCulloch . F. McMahon . J. Malin . M. Mandel . E. Markow . E. Mausshardt . F. Meyers . J. Myers . C. Newhouse . B. Oliver . T. Pappas . I. Pappas . C. Paskal . J. Pepper . A. Pillisch . R. Puttock . J. Rainey . D. Reger . S. Reif . S. Resnick . A. Richman . M. Riechers . D. Rorke . H. Rosen . L. Roth . I. Scheiner . S. Scheiner . B. Scher . D. Schueren . E. Schuver . J. Schwartz . L. Seeburger . B. Sentner . M. Shapiro . B. Shatz . H. Silberman . A. Sklar . H. B. Soule . C. Spencer . N. Spetner . E. Steinberg . S. Steinberg . O. Stevens . M. Stoup . J. Swartz . M. Tanzer . E. Teitelbaum . M. Tobias . M. Veatch . L. Wamhoff . T. Wax . S. Waxman . S. Weber . S. Weinberg . M. L. Wilker . D. Williams . J. Williams . L. Winterman . B. Wittcoff . V. Wittcoff . H. Zahtz . M. Zucker . L. Zweig.

The Soldan Orchestra

THE Soldan Orchestra is one of the oldest organizations in Soldan, and is considered one of the best high school orchestras in St. Louis, having been awarded the lead in this city at the Washington University contests and festivals. The Orchestra has forty-five members and has been under the leadership of Miss Finn since 1912.

The Orchestra has gradually acquired new instruments and increased its repertoire. This year, Soldan secured an oboe and extra instruments for the percussion section. Some of the new pieces added to our repertoire this term are: "Youth Courageous," Dasch; "Festival March," Victor Herbert; "Unfinished Symphony," Schubert; "Slavische Rhapsody," Friedemann; "Light Cavalry," von Suppe; and several overtures and marches. The Orchestra has many ramifications, including a violin quartette, a string quartette, a special ensemble for popular music, and an advanced group of excellent players who are studying the symphonies of Beethoven, Tschaikowsky, and some shorter symphonic numbers. The school assemblies, and the graduation, dramatic, and evening performances are assisted by the Orchestra. All of the operatic performances are accompanied by a full score orchestra.

The Soldan Orchestra

OFFICERS

Charles Hickman . . . . . *President*

Edward Oresman . . . . . *Vice President*

Ruth Steward . . . . . *Treasurer*

Ruth Cohen . . . . . *Secretary*

Miss M. Teresa Finn . . . . . *Leader*

MEMBERS . Blanche Albert . Joseph Arndt . Gordon Becker . Jose Luis Benietz . Lillian Berman . William Book . Harriet Bowman . Maxine Clark . Ruth Jean Cohen . Bonnie Denham . Keneth Elmer . Carl Fieberger . Frank Finkelstein . Leo Fixler . Jacob Floom . Milton Fox . Angelo Galati . Helen Glixman . Charles Hensley . Edythe Horwitz . Edward Houlee . Jane Hugo . Froman Hulbert . Mollie Kalmes . Robert Kaplan . Phyllis Kippel . Mitchell Klayman . John Knaup . Jacob Krachmalnick . Morris Krachmalnick . Lily Kramer . Harold Kranzberg . Arno Lami . Selma Mandel . Janet Marx . Alan Mehler . Chandler Monroe . Leon Neuman . Don Newman . Ialeen Pope . Jack Portman . Marjorie Robertson . Robert Rockman . Daniel Rosenblum . David Rubenstein . Oliver Saure . Everett Schneider . Violet Seigel . David Siffer . Ruth Steward . Ross Trower . Marvin Wallack . Juliette Weinstock . Mary Louise Winter . Sidney P. Wolff . Hyman Zahtz.

The Debating Teams

This year Soldan debating teams, under the tutelage of Mr. Mathie and Mr. Biegelsen, again captured the Championship of the Saint Louis Interscholastic Debate League, and for the third successive time were defeated by Jennings in the district finals.

The scope of the League was widened this year to include parochial schools. The city was divided into two districts, North and South. The champions of these districts then met, and the winner competed with the County Champions. The victor of that encounter went to the Columbia State Finals.

The debate season for Soldan was inaugurated when Elmer Price and John Swander, defending the Negative on the question, "Resolved: That the Several States Should Enact Legislation Providing for a System of Complete Medical Service Available to All Citizens at Public Expense," defeated McBride, 3-0, on December 13. On January 19 William Karsteter and Dan Berktold, representing the Affirmative, defeated Blewett, 3-0, and on January 24 the same team lost to the Central Negative, 2-1. However, Soldan was awarded the championship of the North Division. On February 14 Joe Beaver and William Cochran, upholding the Affirmative, defeated South Side Catholic High School, 2-1, clinching the Interscholastic Championship. At Jennings on March 20, Beaver and Cochran, defending the Negative, lost a closely fought contest by the score of 3-2, eliminating Soldan from State competition.

Several other local debates were scheduled, Harry Paul, Monte Lopata, Wayne Wright, Irwin Chekanoff, and Sidney Goldberg combining to form various teams. Mary Davis, Lois Seeburger, Esther Steinberg, and Joe Brooks gave creditable performances in other encounters.

The Camera Club

THE Camera Club is thinking of adopting Robert Burns as its patron saint and fulfilling his desire expressed in this quotation from one of his poems:

"O wad some Power the giftie gie us
To see oursels as ithers see us!
It wad frae mony a blunder free us,
An' foolish notion."

Several distinguished speakers have addressed us this semester. Mr. Gronemeyer spoke on composition of pictures and Mr. Muntian of the Combs-Duval Studio, discussed many phases of photography. The members of the club visited this studio, where each learned much about the art of taking pictures, and immediately tried out his knowledge in the studio.

Contests for various types of pictures were frequently held, the winners receiving enlargements of their pictures. One contest was held for 8x10 mounted enlargements, and the winning pictures were displayed at Stix, Baer and Fuller in the Missouri Photographic Society Exhibit.

Mr. Lyon, our sponsor, and the more advanced members of the club gave instructions on the technique of photography to beginners outside of the regular meetings. Various members of the club gave demonstrations of photographic processes. Photography is fascinating, and at each meeting our knowledge of this subject is increased.

OFFICERS, FALL TERM

Eugene Glick	*President*
Blanche Albert	*Vice President*
Rita Dudeck	*Secretary*
Nathan David	*Treasurer*
William Armstrong	*Libra.ian*

OFFICERS, SPRING TERM

Bob Lipsitz	*President*
Rita Dudeck	*Vice President*
Dorothy Rossen	*Secretary*
Russell Smith	*Treasurer*
Bill Kincaid	*Business Manager*
Blanche Albert	*Librarian*

The Soldan Band and Glee Club

YOU, who have contacts with Soldan High School, need no introduction to the above organizations. You need not be introduced to the "peppy" instructor, Mr. Hares. In both organizations you'll find a "snap," an interest, and a "quality" performance that need no laudation from our pens. We attribute our success to our director, and he attributes it to the membership of the groups; in other words, we are a "Mutual Admiration Society."

On parade, in concert, or at a "pep" meeting, the Band demonstrates the power of complete cooperation. Term after term —in spite of graduation losses—the Band turns out and plays and marches as if no members had graduated; indeed, there seems to be an unending supply of good "Bandmen." They truly are a fine body of young men, and a great credit to Soldan High.

What is said of the Band may also be said of the Boys' Glee Club. Ever increasing in size, the club at present has a membership of sixty-five. The organization improves each term, and whether the song be of battle or just a minstrel chorus, the "performance" is always a delight. Might we humbly say that we do not think the school hears half enough of our musical organizations, for they are shining lights in Soldan cultural activities. To our leader and friend, Mr. Hares, we say: "May it ever be thus. We salute future Soldan Bands and Glee Clubs, for it is up to them to keep our record!"

The Soldan Band

BAND OFFICERS

Sylvester Hotze . . . . . *President*
Wayne O'Connor . . . . . *Vice President*
John Patton . . . . . *Secretary-Treasurer*
Robert Nelson . . . . . *Drum Major*

BAND MEMBERS . Harry Apelbaum . Joe Arndt . Manual Averbuch . Edward Block . Clarence Dicus . Gilbert Drumlevitz . Kenneth Elmer . Walter Ehrlich . Sidney Feldman . Herman Finkel . Sidney Frager . Harvey Gillerman . Jack Goldberg . Marvin Goldblum . Melvin Greenberg . Allen Hatfield . Verne Holloway . Edmond Houlle . Art Kaiser . Robert Karraker . Kenneth Kimes . Marvin Komen . Myron Kohn . Norris Lateer . Lloyd Levy . Harry Lichtenberger . Wm. Magidson . Angelo Oliveri . Bill Oliver . Edward Oresman . Bill Pickering . Wm. Rosenblum . Irvin Rubenstein . Everett Schneider . Bruce Schwartz . Melvin Shanker . Fred Sugar . Bob Teeters . Roy Von Whisnand . Leroy Woodside . Dennis Woodside.

Glee Club

GLEE CLUB OFFICERS

Bob Luck . . . . . *President*
Paul Heine . . . . . *Vice President*
Arthur Freeman . . . . . *Secretary-Treasurer*
Milton Zorensky . . . . . *Librarian*
Ruth Cohen . . . . . *Pianist*

GLEE CLUB MEMBERS . Elmo Barrett . Dave Birenbaum . John Bonner . John Boyle . Alfred Brandt . Irvin Brown . George Burgess . Jack Clarke . Tom Cleary . Richard Cliver . Sidney Cohen . David Dansker . Bill Davis . James Dimitriades . David Earle . Norman Eisenburg . Bernard Erlich . Ben Erlich . Charles Evans . Haymor Flieg . Elliot Fox . Clark Garrison . Keith Goding . M. H. Goldstein . Hyman Gralnick . Victor Grossman . John Harmon . Harold Hedrick . John Hequembourg . George Holt . Hunter Jones . Mel Kaplan . Norman Kessler . Wilbert Lawler . Gene Leipman . Morton L. Levitt . Stanley Levy . Bill Long . Dave Lowman . Martin Margulis . James Mathers . John Mitchell . Eugene Moskowitz . Jack Nader . Curtis Nations . Will Penberthy . Richard Podzuck . Byron Pope . Marshall Rhodes . Theodore Rosenburg . Irwin Rubin . Mills Schanuel . Sherwin Schilling . Leonard Schnure . Eldred Tarry . Raymond Torin . Ross Trower . Allan Walker . John Webster . Albert Weitzman . Bill Weil . Richard Williams . Dolph Wise.

The Junior Needlework Guild

THE Soldan High School Junior Needlework Guild (a branch of the International Needlework Guild) was organized in 1930, under the sponsorship of Miss Alvina Raebel.

This charitable organization sews for the needy children in schools and orphanages in St. Louis, and donates an average of two hundred garments a year. Members of the guild are required to complete two garments each term, or if they wish, pay the equivalent value. Associated members are those who cannot attend regularly, but contribute to the club. Dues are thirty-five cents a term. This income, including donations, provides for all material and patterns purchased and also for all other expenditures.

However, not all the time is spent in work. The guild has given the following entertainments for its members this year: a Tea in the early fall, a Weiner Roast in November, and a Valentine Party in February. The guild is now contemplating a Hike before the end of the term. Meetings are held on even weeks in room B12, and visitors are cordially invited. In September, when the new term begins, the club will again welcome those interested in Needlecraft and fun.

OFFICERS, FALL TERM

Louise Becker	*President*
Esther Barnholtz	*Vice President*
Jeanne Mannheimer	*Secretary*
Tillie Schram	*Treasurer*
Rose Block and Sophie Platt	*Buyers*

OFFICERS, SPRING TERM

Rose Block	*President*
Esther Barnholtz	*Vice President*
Tillie Schram	*Secretary*
Louise Becker	*Treasurer*
Mollie Harding and Sophie Platt	*Buyers*

The Chaminade

THE Chaminade, an organization of upper term girls who are interested in voice training, is progressing rapidly from year to year. This year the membership has far surpassed the preceding ones. We now have a club of seventy members; this includes Les Chanteuses, which was combined with Chaminade during the past semester. Since the club meets the first thing in the morning, the girls are inspired with music and happy thoughts throughout the entire day.

We have just completed a very successful year, having participated in the Missouri State Federation of Music Clubs at Columbia, the Washington University Contest, and several school functions. The club sang on January Class Day, and on June Graduation Day was combined with the Boys' Glee Club to form one large mixed chorus. The ensemble was successful and effective.

The Chaminade

The Chaminade has belonged to the Music Educators' National Conference for the past two years. We also are members of the Junior Division of the National Federation of Clubs. We were honored during the early part of April when a picture of our group was present among other high school pictures in New York. We owe the success of this organization to the careful attention of our girls to our interesting and capable sponsor, Miss M. Teresa Finn. Through her clear, definite explanations, the girls soon understand their work and respond quickly with delightful interpretations and a finished effect.

The members have learned several new songs this year. Among them are the following: "Homing" by Teresa Del Riego; "Song of the Winds" by E. F. Hawke; "He Gave Me a Rose" by C. W. Cadman; and the Latin song "Inflamatus" by G. Rossini, with Anna Mae Ginsburg as soloist. Several of these songs were sung with beautiful effect in one of the St. Louis churches during Easter Week.

OFFICERS . Margaret Stringfellow, *President* . Mary Elizabeth Scott, *Vice President* . Mary Clark Ingram, *Secretary* . Sally King, *Treasurer* . Mary Elizabeth Ewalt, *Librarian* . Molly Harding, *Assistant Librarian*.

THE SCRIP

MEMBERS . Esther Barnholtz . Rose Black . Evalyn Bloodworth . Charlotte Bock . Frances Bradley . Dorothy Jane Bradshaw . Barbara Ann Brown . Grace Bruke . Mary Ann Butterfield . Mary Frances Cannon . Margaret Carl . Selma Chasen . Musa Childress . Adrienne Cohen . Annette Cooper . Mildred Corkins . Bonnie Denham . Margaret Englesing . Anna May Ginsburg . Charlotte Goldman . Martha Grayson . Myrtle Harmon . Shirley Hoffman . Jane Hollings . Norma S. Jaffe . Shirley Jaffe . Patty Lou Jones . Aurelia Konrad . Helen Krummenacher . Thelma Lachaw . Mary Grace Leddy . Mary Alice Leffler . Jeanne Mannheimer . Mariquita Moll . Doris Nelson . Dorothy Nisiankas . Dorothy Petrov . Emilie Pickering . Frances Rowe . Miriam Schimel . Ruth Schmidt . Ruth Schram . Gertrude Seacat . Constance Shalto . Alys Lorayne Snipen . Goldie Sosna . Dixie Sparkman . Alice Ann Spear . Ruth Steward . Eleanor Torgrove . Martha Tieters . Virginia Vahle . Mary Veatch . Jane Von Cloedt . Dorothy Walpert . Martha Weber . Janet Wightman . Mary Louise Wilker . Iska Wise . Nancy Witbeck . Miriam Yule.

The Library Club

A STRANGER might ask, "What is the Library Club—what does it do?" Why, with a library you associate books, and that is precisely with what the Library Club concerns itself. The organization attempts to interest and acquaint its members with literature and books.

The club meets on the even weeks of the semester with Miss Gertrude D. May as sponsor. Last term the program consisted of "Book Tours." The social life, habits, and customs of the people of such countries as Russia, Czechoslovakia, and Roumania which have been changed by the World War were described. This term has been devoted to reviewing "Contemporary Literature."

Occasionally an interesting meeting is set aside for literary games and literary brain twisters.

OFFICERS, FALL TERM

Harold B. Soule . . . . . *President*
Sarah Karraker . . . . . *Secretary-Treasurer*
Rose Kranzberg . . . . . *Program Chairman*

OFFICERS, SPRING TERM

Rose Kranzberg . . . . . *President*
Fayga Halpern . . . . . *Secretary-Treasurer*
Stanley Waxman . . . . . *Program Chairman*

MEMBERS . Ruth Alperin . Bernice Baker . Sylvia Brodkin . Rhoda Broida . Mary Cohen . Ruth Cohen . Lorraine Eberhard . Lydia Eisenberg . Ethel Finkelstein . Roberta Frank . Sylvia Frederick . Leona Goldberg . Helen Golder . Fayga Halpern . Sylvia Horowit . Sarah Karraker . Natalie Kraitzer . Merle Kramer . Rose Kranzberg . Miriam Levin . Jeanette Pepper . Selig Resnick . Grace Satter . Loretta Smith . Harold B. Soule . Stanley Waxman . Sylvia Weber . Rose Weintraub . Louise Winterman . Lister Wolff.

The Agora, Fall Term

OFFICERS, FALL TERM

Bill Baker	*President*
Arline Pillisch	*Vice President*
Mary Elizabeth Ewalt	*Secretary*
Paul Heine	*Treasurer*
H. L. Feldman	*Faculty Sponsor*

MEMBERS . Neola Baldwin . Ruth Berg . David Birenbaum . Albert Bleiweiss . Faye Bortnick . Betty Brainard . Robert Brettelle . Robert Buell . Heloise Casey . Virginia Caquelard . Jean Curry . Colene Ellis . Georgia Erfer . Fred Ernst . David Feldman . Betty Fitzgerald . Rose Ganz . Helene Grossman . Marion Hall . Doris Hardy . John Harmon . Myra Harmon . Mary Sue Hetherington . Ernest Hofmann . Wallace Kalbrener . Sylvia Katz . Rose Kranzberg . Miriam Levin . Morton Levitt . Lois McCulloch . James Miller . Margery Miller . Bob Morris . Charles Nardie . Russel Pappas . Jeanette Pepper . Paul Pollock . Elmer Price . Rosalie Raisher . Marguerette Riechers . Stanley Scheiner . Jean Schwartz . Bernard Sentner . Leonard Serakoff . Edward Silverman . Robert Stoelzle . Esther Steinberg . Ethel Wax . Shirley Webster . Miriam Zucker.

The Agora, Spring Term

OFFICERS, SPRING TERM . Bill Baker, *President* . Faye Bortnick, *Vice President* . Colene Ellis, *Secretary* . Flavia Meyers, *Assistant Secretary* . William Goodman, *Treasurer* . Paul Pollock, *Assistant Treasurer* . H. L. Feldman, *Faculty Sponsor.*

MEMBERS . Lovie Anderson . Dorothy Ashby . Betty Marie Baron . Evalyn Bloodworth . Marvin Blumberg . Betty Brainard . Naomi Brown . Robert Buell . Forrest Carter . Heloise Casey . Rosellen Cohnberg . Jean Curry . Georgia Erfer . Estelle Fischer . Elenor Fish . Sidney Goldberg . Arthur Goldford . Ethel Grosman . Helene Grossman . Jane Grace . Jean Grugett . Marion Hall . Marie Harrison . Quentin Hawkins . Sylvia Horowit . Rose Kranzberg . Miriam Levin . Morton Levitt . John McKnight . Chandler Monroe . Dorothy Mundschenk . Betty Ann Noonan . Jeanette Pepper . William Pippert . Sophie Platt . Jerome Potashnick . Warren Rogers . Stanley Scheiner . Tillie Schram . Jean Schwartz . Mildred Shapiro . Bernard Snoy . Esther Steinberg . Robert Stoelzle . Marvin Tanzer . Jean Tomaso . Billy Thompson . Virginia Vahle . Shirley Webster . Annabelle Wilker . June Wilkinson . Virginia Wittcoff . Miriam Yule . Hyman Zahtz.

The Rostrum

THE Rostrum is the club for all enthusiasts of self-expression and public speaking. Membership in the organization guarantees an opportunity for the development of the above mentioned qualities through active argumentation. During the past years the Rostrum has continually transformed raw material into polished debaters who have formed the backbone of the champion debating teams of Soldan.

This year, membership in the club has been extended to girls, and as a result a great deal of latent debating ability has been unearthed. In fact, debates between teams of the opposite sex have become a popular program of the club.

The Rostrum is sponsored by Mr. E. J. Mathie, who is also coach of Soldan's debating teams.

OFFICERS

William Karsteter . . . . . *President*

Dan Berktold . . . . . *Vice President*

Irwin Chekanoff . . . . . *Secretary*

Monte Lopata . . . . . *Treasurer*

Sidney Goldberg . . . . . *Parliamentarian*

MEMBERS . Melvin Askuvich . Shael Bronson . Frank Cohen . Jacob Cohen . Beatrice Cook . Dorothy Frank . Betty Lou Fyock . Harvey Gillerman . Marvin M. Goldstein . Leland Hilligoss . Robert Lazarus . Lee Liberman . Hamilton McCoy . Alan Mehler . Dorothy Oliver . Janet Peterson . Robert Rochman . Lawrence Serkes . Margaret Stacy . Robert Weinhaus . Judson Wright . Sidney Zimbalist.

The Soldan Philatelic Society

WHILE flying over the Philatelic Archipelago we sighted a large island surrounded by many small ones. In a few minutes we landed and learned from a friendly native that we were on the great island of "Soldania." We were also told that since this was an odd Wednesday, Queen Mother Hildah of the House of Levy, had managed to break away from her many other duties and was coming to the island to advise King Alvin Sachar, as well as to greet her many royal subjects.

We followed a large crowd of Philatelic natives and soon found ourselves in the Public Square, where we purchased a scroll on which the names of the various nobles of the island were written. We read: King, Alvin Sachar; Prince Regent, Marvin Tanzer; Court Scribe, Stanley Scheiner; Chancellor of the Exchequer, Leonard Serakoff; Peacemaker, Irwin Scheiner. Wandering Minstrels—Nancy Grolock, Fred Bierman, and Ray Cox; Scribe, Milton Zorensky; and Masters of the Revels—Theodore Petropolous and Irwin Chekanoff.

The Soldan Philatelic Society

We were then led into a magnificent building which contained the archives of the island. We saw recorded the chief events of the fall of 1935. There were: the Exhibit of Dr. Lister Tuholske, a great noble, which Dick Scharff explained to the natives; and the Open Court Festival, to which the Artistic Knight, Robert Boyd, contributed an outstanding piece of work—the National Parks Issue, beautifully mounted. Next were read to us the most important happenings of 1936 thus far: the visit of Dr. Hugh McCullock, who also taught the natives new facts about Philately, and the "Hobby Fair" at the downtown Y., where the natives won the blue ribbon for the best stamp club exhibit, keeping them again in first place among school clubs. The natives are now preparing for the next Open Court Festival. The Wandering Minstrels, with their newspaper, Soldania Philatelic News, have had an extremely successful year keeping the foreigners informed of current events.

The population of the island, which this term numbers 53, several of one family, is steadily increasing, and we predict more foreigners will seek residence on the wonderful island of Soldania in the Archipelago of Philately.

NOBLES, FALL TERM . Hildah Levy, *Faculty Sponsor* . Alvin Sachar, *President* . Irwin Scheiner, *Vice President* . Stanley Scheiner, *Secretary* . Faye Bortnick, *Treasurer* . Joseph Arndt, *Sergeant-at-Arms* . Irwin Checkanoff, *Librarian*.

NOBLES, SPRING TERM . Hildah Levy, *Faculty Sponsor* . Alvin Sachar, *President* . Marvin Tanzer, *Vice President* . Stanley Scheiner, *Secretary* . Leonard Serakoff, *Treasurer* . Irwin Scheiner, *Sergeant-at-Arms* . Jim Gordon, *Librarian*.

NATIVES . Warren Adolf . Esther Becker . Jeanette Becker . Fred Bierman . Marvin Blumberg . Robert Boyd . Albert Burjoski . Jacob Cohen . Ray Cox . George De Coster . Norman Eisenberg . Fannie Feder . Sidney Frager . Dorothy Frank . Harry Glovinsky . Marvin Goldblum . Fred Graf . Nancy Grolock . James Halter . Charles Hirsch . Robert Horowitz . Norma Jaffe . James Koehrer . Richard Kurtz . Harold Levy . Mary McQueen . Allan Meyer . Martin Millner . Leon Newman . Paugh Osseck . Theodore Petropoulos . Norman Platt . Stanley Rosenblum . Minette Sachar . Dick Scharff . Henrietta Schasch . Lillian Serakoff . Harry Shutz . Edward Silverman . John Snarrenberg . Sheldon Solomon . Wickliffe Stevenson . Robert Threnn . Raymond Torin . Harris Vickroy . Cyrene Voda . Ruth Wallerstein . Bill Weil . Milton Zorensky.

Ha Ivria

THIS past year has seen further improvement in the quality and variety of Ha Ivria activities.

Since Ha Ivria, the Hebrew Cultural Society, is interested in the culture of Semitics and related peoples, two series of discussions conducted by members were held—first, "The Various Phases of Hebrew Literature"; second, "The Attitude of Ancient Peoples Toward Education." The second annual Hebrew Music Concert was an outstanding event of the school calendar. The club bulletin board contained changing items of interest to all. Each semester included a pleasant social affair.

OFFICERS, FALL TERM

Morris Silverman	*President*
Ruth Berg	*Vice President*
Miriam Levin	*Secretary*
Leona Zweig	*Treasurer*
Jules Biegelsen	*Faculty Sponsor*

OFFICERS, SPRING TERM

Burton Shatz	*President*
Frances Gershbock	*Vice President*
Toby Wax	*Secretary*
David Feldman	*Treasurer*

MEMBERS . N. Berg . S. Bornstein . A. Chapel . D. Cohen . F. Cook . A. Corman . E. Davis . R. Feldman . R. Fox . H. Galler . H. Gillerman . M. Haffner . F. Jacobs . M. Kaplan . M. Katz . S. Katz . E. Klamen . M. Kleiner . J. Korchak . R. Kovsky . M. Margulis . R. Michel . R. Moskovitz . I. Radinsky . S. Rothman . F. Rudman . H. Schooner . S. Seltzer . E. Shanker . M. Shanker . M. Shapiro . M. Siegal . F. Sievers . D. Sifler . H. Silberman . Betty Wax . B. Wax . E. Wax . B. Weintraub . F. Weintraub.

The American History Club

TIME marches on and history is being made every second of the day. Youth meets again to discuss the great men and events that constitute America's past, and with this broad knowledge to prepare for the future. So we find a group of Soldan students gathered in Room 313 every odd Wednesday with their sponsor, Mr. Floyd D. Welch.

Since world history is too broad, discussions have been restricted to certain phases of American History. During the fall term, the members spent their time in studying the "Expansion West of the Mississippi," and during the spring term they studied the "History of Missouri." Reports are given at each meeting, followed by a discussion on the subject presented. Research is encouraged by a membership in the "Missouri Historical Society," which entitles all the members of the club to the use of the Society's library.

OFFICERS, FALL TERM

Rudolph Freedman . . . . . *President*

Charlotte Koehler . . . . . *Vice President*

Harold Soule . . . . . *Secretary*

Dorothea Earle . . . . . *Treasurer*

OFFICERS, SPRING TERM

Charlotte Koehler . . . . . *President*

Esther Steinberg . . . . . *Vice President*

Ruth Cohen . . . . . *Secretary*

Evelyn Adler . . . . . *Treasurer*

MEMBERS . Bernice Derlachter . Bernard Erlich . Evelyn Feldman . Jack Goldstein . Jo-Ellen Kidd . Merle Kramer . Edith Lapin . Alice La Breacht . Thelma Lachow . Barbara McCulloch . Sylvia Reif . Jeanette Sandmel.

The Agassiz Club

THE Agassiz Club is the same organization that was known as the Botanical Club from the opening of Soldan until 1932. At that time, owing to the interest of the members in other phases of science besides botany, it was decided to name the club after Louis Agassiz, the great naturalist.

Under the leadership of our sponsor, Miss Katherine Pfeiffer, the members have been making collections of the things in which they are most interested. This year the members have chosen various trees about which they are gathering information throughout the year. Their collections consist of blossoms, leaves, twigs, bark of the trees, and insects and fungi infesting the trees. By putting this information at the disposal of the club, the members will be able to become more familiar with the trees in this neighborhood.

Each spring one of the hikes is devoted to collecting wild flowers, which are usually put on display for Open House. This term the club exhibited in the library an interesting collection of fossils, most of which were given us by Washington University.

OFFICERS, FALL TERM

Jeannette Sandmel	*President*
Virginia Wittcoff	*Vice President*
Esther Goodman	*Secretary*
Sara Ann Glauber	*Treasurer*
John P. Roberts	*Program Chairman*

OFFICERS, SPRING TERM

Lawrence Wallerstein	*President*
Charlotte Bock	*Vice President*
Ann Williams	*Secretary*
Jack Malin	*Treasurer*
John P. Roberts	*Program Chairman*

The Chess Club

THE fall term of 1935 heralded a new acme of activity for the Chess Club. On odd Wednesdays in Room 201 future Capablancas and Morphys could be seen engaged in ostentatious battles of wits.

The Chess Club sponsored an open School Chess Tournament in which were entered over fifty students. The winner was Monte Lopato, who beat Ezra Lander in the finals. The semifinalists were Harry Paul and William Cochran.

Soldan's superiority was ably brought out by the Chess Team, which beat Cleveland High School in two matches, winning twelve games out of fourteen. The team included the following, named in order of their rank: Monte Lopata, Ezra Lander, Harry Paul, William Cochran, Ellis Lipsitz, Marvin M. Goldstein, Jerome Potashnick, David Cornfeld and David Kessler.

In the St. Louis Open City-Wide and County-Wide Tournament, Soldan had three entrants: Mr. Mathie, sponsor of the Chess Club, and Harry Paul and Monte Lopata, presidents of the Chess Club in the spring and fall terms respectively. Mr. Mathie placed first in his group and entered the Masters' Tournament. Harry Paul and Monte Lopata each placed third in their respective groups, failing to enter the Masters' Tournament by only one game apiece.

OFFICERS, FALL TERM

Monte Lopata	*President*
William Cochran	*Vice President*
Harry Paul	*Secretary-Treasurer*

OFFICERS, SPRING TERM

Harry Paul	*President*
Marvin M. Goldstein	*Vice President*
Ezra Lander	*Secretary-Treasurer*

The Pep Club

"SOLDAN, SOLDAN, SOLDAN!" The yell is over but the excitement and applause still continue. The mainstay of that yell is a group of enthusiastic girls in gold sweaters and brown skirts, all sitting and yelling together for the "dear old Gold and Brown."

This group of girls is known as the Soldan Pep Club, and is composed of girls of any term who are interested in and proud to support their school teams in every undertaking. The girls make a pledge when they join the club to the effect that they will attend all athletic affairs of the school, support all Pep Club projects, and faithfully attend all meetings. The Pep Club gives a party each term in the girls' lunch room for the athletic teams that have earned letters during that term. The girls and boys look forward to that event with eager anticipation. The boys are presented with their letters, and there is dancing in the gym.

The Pep Club

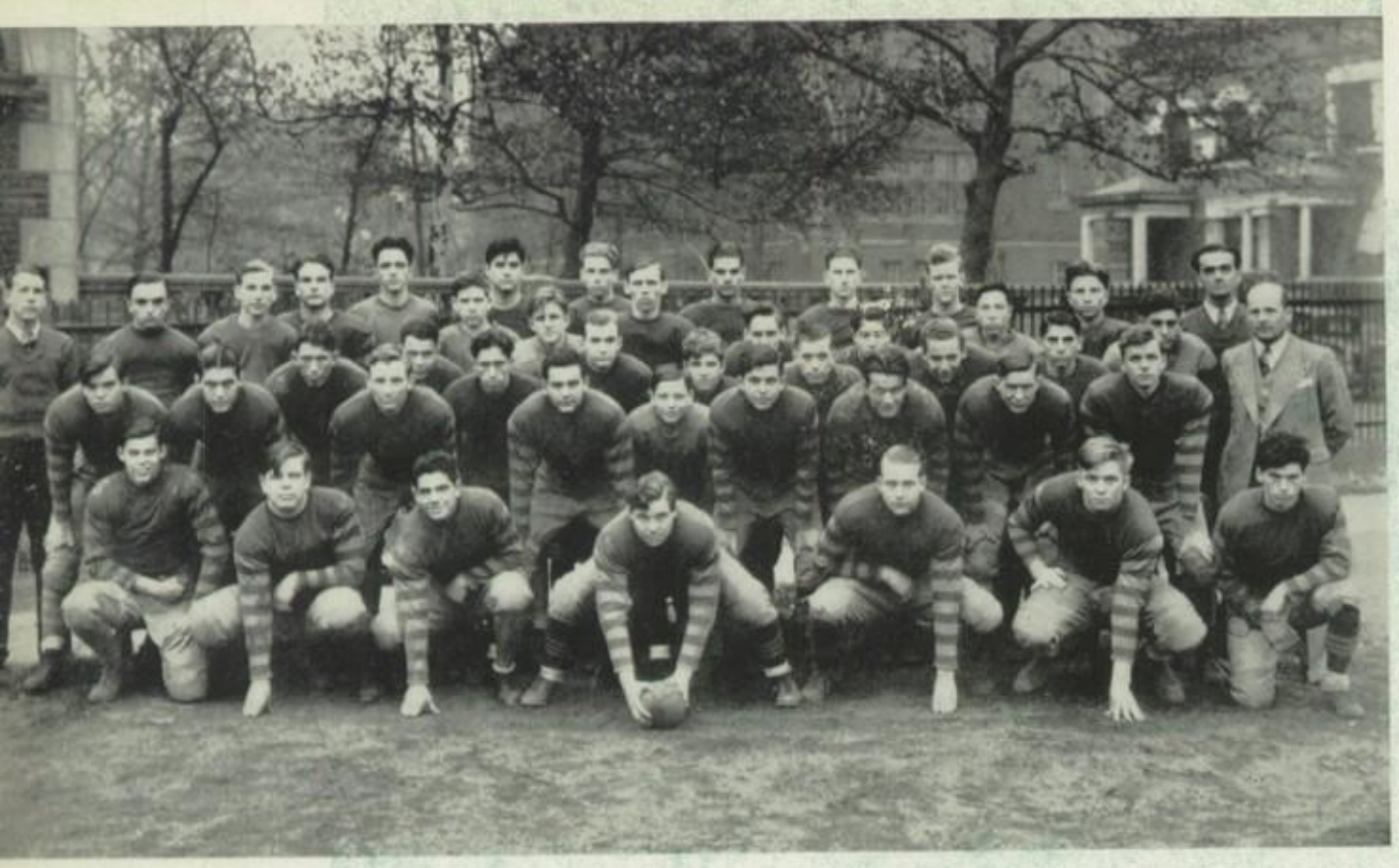
The Pep Club has recently been endowed with two very able sponsors, Miss Roos and Miss Higgins. They have been extremely helpful in the choosing and acquiring of the new Pep Club sweaters with the Pep emblems on the front. We are very glad to have them help us with the running of the Pep Club.

OFFICERS

Marian Schoenle . . . . . *President*
Dixie Sparkman . . . . . *Vice President*
Barbara Anne Browne . . . . . *Secretary*
Arline Pillisch . . . . . *Treasurer*

MEMBERS . Marjorie Ailer . Frances Barnholtz . Gertrude Beeler . Betty Brainard . Barbara Browne . Dorothea Bumann . Emma Bunch . Gwendolyn Burt . Virginia Cook . Betty Davidson . Mary Davis . May De Caro . Rita Dudeck . Claudine Edwards . Evelyn Erfer . Georgia Erfer . Alice Ettinger . Louise Foster . Betty Fyock . Leola Gerson . Gloria Grice . Marylee Griffin . Jane Hollings . Jean Hess . Marion Hunt . Dorothy Hill . Virginia Jones . Helen Kain . Olga Kenoyer . Betty Knodel . Priscilla Krause . Alice Leffler . Elaine Losson . Alice Jane Love . Mary F. Lowman . Hannah Maas . Edith McClinton . Gladys McDonald . Betty Ann Mills . Dorothy Nisiankos . Betty Ann Noonan . Adele O'Bannon . Isabelle O'Neill . Arline Pillisch . Dorothy Petrov . Sophie Platt . Virginia Randol . Grace Ronecker . Dorothy Rossen . Eileen Russell . Ruth Richardson . Jane Sackett . Marian Schoenle . Ora Sievers . Darlene Smith . Florence Smith . Helen Snyder . Dixie Sparkman . Margaret Stoup . Anne Taussig . Lois Wamhoff . Liga Watts . June Williams . Marian Wilson . Maryanne Woodside . Ann Yoder.

ATHLETICS



Football

With thirteen lettermen reporting for duty in spring practice, prospects looked bright for a winning football team. Then misfortune began to haunt Soldan circles. John Coleman became ineligible when it was discovered that he had had an extra term of high school. Barney Gibson, who had played an important part in second team games last year, was killed in an automobile accident during the summer. Then, in pre-season practice, Ralph Stallman received injuries which prevented him from participating in a single game during the year.

The team, co-captained by fullback James Dimitriades and Leonard Eastman, who was shifted to center early in the season, played a schedule of eight games, winning one, tying two, and losing five.

The Gold and Brown gridsters opened the season by dropping a 19-0 decision to East St. Louis High. This game was typical of the entire season, which saw Soldan continually outplay her opponents, only to lose the games on "breaks" and momentary lapses on the field.

The West-Enders opened league play by opposing their traditional rival, Roosevelt. Roosevelt won the game 20-12, which was featured by a 70-yard run for a touchdown by Captain Dimitriades in the first quarter. Having an open date, Soldan next opposed McBride, who was later to become League Champion, and held the Colonnaders to a 0-0 deadlock. The game saw the unusual spectacle of a touchdown drive by each team halted on the two-yard line at the half and end of the game respectively. Re-entering league play, the Gold and Brown played their best game of the year to hold the highly touted Beaumont team to a 6-6 draw. In the next game, Soldan registered

Football

its lone victory of the season with a 13-0 verdict over Blewett. Then the West-Enders lost their last three games by scores of 12-0, 7-6, and 20-0 to McKinley, Central, and Cleveland, respectively. The McKinley game was a heartbreaker, as Soldan outplayed the Goldbugs in the first half and then saw the Black and Gold snatch the victory in the second by virtue of two blocked punts. The Gold and Brown scored in the first four minutes of play in the Central game and then completely went to pieces while Central played heads-up ball. In the Cleveland game the Fenengamen completely outclassed the West-Enders. Soldan finished sixth in the league, topping only Blewett.

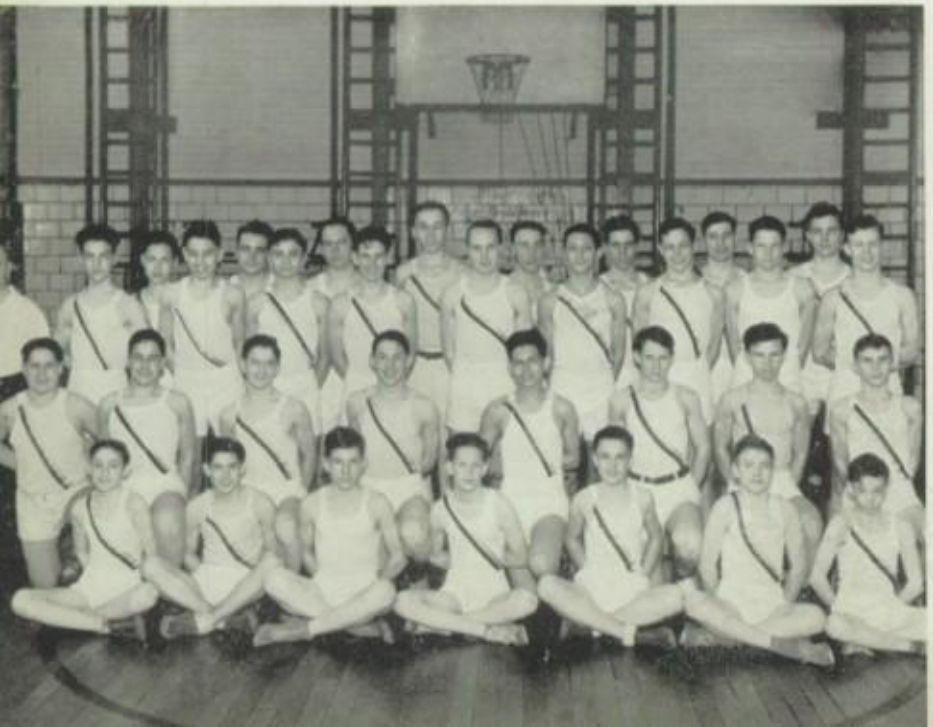
Twenty men were awarded the privilege of wearing the Soldan football "S" in reward for the 1935 season. These twenty are: Charles Lunan, Martin Glazner, Gerald Kelleher, Leo Bornstein, and Jack Williams—ends; Dan Bagby, Gerald Bailey, Robert Luck, and Dick Tuholske—tackles; Jerome Notowitz, Raymond Schultz, and George Smith—guards; Co-Captain Leonard Eastman—center; Richard Ives—quarterback; Arthur Beddoe, Abe Harrison, John Hequembourg, and Clyde Newhouse—halfbacks; and Co-Captain Jimmy Dimitriades and James Hoffman—fullbacks. Robert Luck has been chosen to guide the destinies of the 1936 team, and in addition to Luck, lettermen Kelleher, Beddoe, Notowitz, Hequembourg, and Newhouse will report for duty next season.

In the meantime, credit should be given to Coach von Lehsten and Coach McEachron for laying the groundwork for next year's team and for reawakening school spirit at Soldan High. Credit is also due these two coaches for the new system of football at Soldan, a system which employs full teams with their own schedules. These three are the freshman team, the second team, and the varsity. It is with an optimistic outlook that we close the Soldan football review for 1935.

The A. P. E. A.

American Physical Education Assn. Convention Group

THE Soldan Gym Club, under the sponsorship of Dr. Koenig, has been in existence twenty-three years, and we present members are proud to belong to a club which has proved to be a favorite for so long a time. It was organized to give instruction to those wishing to learn apparatus and other gym work beyond that taught in the regular gym classes. The club is divided into two groups, according to the ability of the boys.



During the past year, the Gym Club has enjoyed participating in two exhibitions: the first at the Public School Stadium on Athletic Day, and the second at the Municipal Auditorium during the National Physical Education Convention.

OFFICERS, FIRST TERM

Leland Lyons . . . . . *President*

Ted Curtis . . . . . *Vice President*

Richard Stough . . . . . *Secretary-Treasurer*

Ronald Wylds . . . *Scrippage Representative*

OFFICERS, SECOND TERM

Leland Lyons . . . . . *President*

Gordon Cooper . . . . . *Vice President*

Richard Stough . . . . . *Secretary-Treasurer*

Charles Lewald . . . *Scrippage Representative*

Basketball

THE season ending in February, 1936, was not a very successful one from the standpoint of the league standing of the team. However, the team showed up very well during the season, especially in the district tournament.

The Gold and Brown quintet dropped the season opener in a close battle to McBride, and the first game of the Normandy Tournament to Maplewood, oddly enough by the same score, 20-17.

The squad went to Quincy, Illinois, for an out of town game on December 17. Despite the outstanding size of the Quincy five, Soldan gave an excellent account of itself, although finishing on the short end of a 21-16 score.

Soldan began the league play in an auspicious manner by upsetting Blewett in the opening game. They lost the next four games to Beaumont, Central, Roosevelt, and McKinley in order. The games

Basketball

with Central and McKinley were especially hard fought. Soldan lost by one point in the contest with Central, and led for three quarters against McKinley, the eventual "Champs," only to be nosed out in the last minutes. The final game with Cleveland had favorable results, putting the team into a tie for fourth place in the league standing.

Despite the rather unsuccessful season, Coach White should be commended for his work in building up a steady, capable combination. Jerome "Babe" Notowitz and John Hequembourg were the regular guards, doing excellent work in their positions, although handicapped a bit by size. Gerald Bailey performed at the pivot position, distinguishing himself well under the basket and on the defense. Charles Lunan and Captain Harold Goldberg functioned at the forward berths, occasionally "Al" Burnett relieving one or the other. Lee Griffin broke into the lineup at the center position at times and showed up favorably.

Supposedly outclassed, the Soldan aggregation entered the district tourney seemingly eliminated by the experts before they started. Taking the first game easily, however, from Kirkwood, and the second from Webster Groves, Soldan went on to defeat St. Louis University High, one of the strongest teams in the district, by a 20-15 score. In the semifinals the "West Enders" lost to University City, however, losing their chance for a trip to Columbia.

The Aero Club

THE Soldan Aero Club was organized during the fall of 1935. Largely through the efforts of Clarence Schoppe, the first president of the club, a group of boys who had been engaged in the building of model airplanes as a hobby met to compare experiences in such work. The membership in the club grew very quickly and resulted in limiting the total to thirty boys.

The purposes of the club are set forth in its constitution. The principal purposes are to increase the interest of the students of Soldan in aviation, to acquaint the members with modern aircraft and their construction, to educate the members in the science of simple aerodynamics, to assist the members in planning, building, and flying model planes, and to sponsor an annual miniature airplane tournament to be held in the spring term.

The club participated in the Hobby Exhibition at the downtown Y. M. C. A. and has a variety of model planes now on display in the trophy case at Soldan. These planes were built by the following boys: Alan Hatfield, Donald Peterson, Fred Kloth, Richard Markle, Robert Aiken, Albert Schneider, Richard Ingle, Richard Hill, and William Magidson. The president for this term is Donald Peterson, and the secretary is William Magidson. The club is sponsored by Mr. L. W. Sieck.

Tennis

THE Tennis Team of 1935, with but one man back from the previous year's squad, finished the season in third place in the Public High School League. Roosevelt gained top honors and was followed by Beaumont. Previous to this year the team had won one second place and eight championships. The team was composed of Jimmie Johnson, captain and first man, who was the only returning letterman; Thomas Munn, second man; Elmer Price, third man; Monte Lopata, substitute singles man; Eli Kutten and Ellis Lipsitz, doubles team; and Mr. Plag, coach. Elmer Price played the first three matches and Monte Lopata the remaining matches as third man. Monte Lopata was chosen as substitute singles man on the all-star team selected by the coaches of the different tennis teams.

This year the Interscholastic Tennis Tournament was a long-drawn-out affair lasting over a month. Because of inclement weather the matches which were started on the Triple A tennis courts in Forest Park were finished on the Reservoir Courts, because these courts are cement and can be used within several hours after a rain.

For next year the team has two lettermen returning — Jimmie Johnson and Thomas Munn. Incidentally both of these boys have still another year after the coming year.

Coach Plag, because of his duties as Manager of the Public High School League, was helped by Joseph Blath, who was captain and first man of the team the previous year.

The Swimming Team

In an early fall issue of Scrippage, a certain sports writer predicted that Soldan would take first place in competitive swimming in the St. Louis High School League and perhaps might win the State Championship. This prophecy was carried through by the Soldan Swimming Team, which brought to Soldan its first State Swimming Championship.

Even before the regular interscholastic competition had begun, a glimpse of what the team was to be was revealed when a relay of four boys was entered in the Washington University Invitational High School Relay and came out with first place and another cup to grace Soldan's trophy case.

Following this exhibition of the future strength of the team, Soldan won decisively in dual meets with the following high schools: Beaumont; Central; Roosevelt; Blewett, twice; and McKinley. In its first meet of the year, owing to unpreparedness in certain events, the team was defeated by the Western Military Academy Swimming Team.

After these various dual meets, Soldan entered into the Interscholastic Finals at Washington University, in which it took first place. However, owing to certain disqualifications that the team had to suffer because of Interscholastic rulings, Soldan finally had to be contented with third place. The next and last meet of the year, the Missouri State High School Swimming Meet, was taken by the team.

The Swimming Team

Soldan has a real "team"; there are no outstanding stars, but all members contribute their points. With two powerful relay teams, Soldan was able to defeat teams which had one or two outstanding swimmers but nothing else. A well balanced combination won the championship for Soldan.

The loss of two veterans, Victor Ellman and Clair Staley, who were very instrumental in the winning of the championship this year, will be felt deeply, but it is hoped that with the prospects of next year, this loss will be balanced, and that Soldan will give another championship to the long list that Soldan can lay claim to.

Mr. Althouse, coach of the team, must be congratulated upon the fine performances that his aquatics have given throughout the season. The coach and the team also wish to thank the Y. M. H. A. for the kind use of their pool for swimming practices.

Track

SOLDAN'S success in the coming Interscholastic Field Day is a question which has aroused much interest and is at the time of this writing still open to debate. The team has been handicapped by inclement weather and the usual lack of good indoor training facilities. Three of the meets scheduled early in the season had to be cancelled because of snow or rain, and the team began a belated training schedule outdoors about the second week in April. Soldan was successful in the first two meets of the season. The contest with Blewett resulted in Soldan victories: Seniors, 56-48; Juniors, 60-35. The Soldan-Central meet also brought triumph to the Gold and Brown: Seniors, 76-50; Juniors, 55½-50½.

The Senior Team is the weakest in many years, although it is composed chiefly of former juniors. Ben Ehrlich has led most competitors to the tape in both the low and the high hurdles and has appeared to advantage in the high jump, shot put, and relay events. Lester Levy is another good hurdler. Harold Goldberg performs well in the high jump and broad jump, along with John Hequembourg, who is a good sprinter as well. Bowers and Stough are competing for the pole vault. Rudolph Swistowicz is trying hard to surpass Ehrlich in the shot put. The best prospects for the century are Charles McCann, John Hequembourg, Arthur Freeman, and Philip Gram. Charles Storz, George Holt, and also Freeman, McCann, and Gram excelled in the 220. Ralph Reinschmidt, a returning letterman, looks promising as a contender in the relay, the 440, and the half-mile. Eugene Georgen, Thixton James, and Hancock, Kaufman, Holt, Caquelard, and Freeman are competing for the quarter and half-mile races. Prospects in the mile are not

bright, although Caquelard, Reinschmidt, Holt, Hancock, and Monroe are training for that event.

Hopes are high for success in the half-mile relay. At the Maplewood Relays, three relay teams entered by Soldan gained fourth place in as many events. The personnel of these teams included Freeman, Reinschmidt, McCann, Holt, Ehrlich, Georgen, James, Hequembourg, Caquelard, Storz, and two boys from the Junior division, Robson and Spetner. The relay team at the Interscholastic will be comprised of four of these sprinters.

The Junior Division was not lacking in numbers at the beginning of the season. The squad of almost two hundred hopefuls soon dwindled to fifty. The squad is being coached by Mr. Svoboda, a recent addition to Soldan's faculty. At this writing about sixteen boys excel their team mates. These include Weitzman, shot put; Christy and Shucart, high jump; Leong, broad jump; Johnson, Benitez, and Peterson, pole vault; Johnson, Greenblatt, and Peterson, hurdles; Robson, Kaiser, and Leong, 50 yard dash; Bisbee, Honig, and Weighton, 100 yard dash; Robson and Pearlstein, 220; and Spetner, 880. The best prospects for the relay are Honig, Greenblatt, Pearlstein, and Robson. The team is steadily improving, and the outlook is not unfavorable.

With only two men returning from last year's Midget Squad, Coach Bender and his student assistant, Nathan David, set about to whip into shape a well balanced squad out of the forty young Soldanites who responded to their call this spring. At the present time the squad consists of about twenty men. Roland Russell, the captain, along with the two veterans of last year, Norman Spetner and Charles Schwartzman, are the mainsprings of this year's cindermen.

In their two meets to date, this spring, the midget men swamped Blewett by the top-heavy score of 40½-18½ and trampled over Central in the other meet to win 49-22. Russell came through with flying colors in the Blewett meet, getting four firsts. In the Central meet Soldan placed first in all events, including the relay. If any track fan is pessimistic about our future teams, let him remember that old proverb, "Mighty oaks from little acorns grow."

Baseball

SOLDAN has much to show for the beginning of the 1936 baseball season. An abundance of material, a year's experience and a fighting spirit all combined to give Coach White a hopeful outlook. The returning lettermen were: Jerry Rosenberg, Harry Steinbaum, Dan Bagby, Jimmie Dimitriades, and Martin Glazner. The open positions were quickly filled by the following new men: Carmelo Cigno, Allan Eudaley, Dan Colpi, Charles Lunan, Bill Baker, and Abe Harrison. The team received a setback at the beginning of the season when physical conditions forced Harry Steinbaum, first string catcher, to retire from the ranks. Later, a bad knee forced Dan Bagby, first baseman, to relinquish his services. Bill Baker, replacing Steinbaum, has performed effectively.

All three league engagements were close battles, with Griffin always the better, but also the losing, pitcher. Here again lack of batting punch and bad fielding led to his downfall.

Central beat Soldan 4-1, Roosevelt won 4-0, and Blewett scored a 1-0 triumph. One run in three games indicates a weak showing at the plate. Griffin has such an assortment of curves that at the present time he is leading the league in strike outs. In the last three games, although allowing opposing batters nine hits and two earned runs, he has struck out thirty. The season is still young, and baseball followers have renewed hope that the boys will finish the season with a string of victories.

The G. A. A.

A CROWD of eager, chattering girls mill about a bulletin board, congratulating or consoling one another. Instead of the customary, "Hello," friends greet each other with, "Did you make the Team?" In other words, the list of girls selected by Miss Blanche Higgins and Miss Charlotte Roos, coaches and sponsors, from competitive practice to represent their respective classes has just been posted. It is pleasant to remember that these girls are carrying on the activities of the Girls' Athletic Association, which was organized at Soldan in 1910.

Of course activities and rules have changed. At present, soccer and volley ball are played the first semester, and basketball and baseball, the second semester. Approximately one hundred and forty girls have participated in the G. A. A. this semester. The schedule followed by the ones and twos varies slightly. Their school year begins with volley ball, followed by ping pong, tumbling, and basketball.

Every G. A. A. member is eager to possess an "S" or the coveted "M" to sport on her sweater. The girl who possesses either or both may be justly proud, for they represent good work and sportsmanship. Five hundred points are rewarded with a small "S", and one thousand points, with a large "S."

Points are earned in the following ways: perfect gym attendance (25); placing in the posture test (25-15); membership in a class team (50); membership in winning class team (75); "G" average for one semester (25); winning ribbons in track events (25-15-10).

The G. A. A.

(Continued from page 91)

In order to win a Missouri "M" a candidate must be an "all around girl." Specifically, she must maintain a scholarship of 80 or above for one year, pass a physical examination, and show sportsmanship. You may be sure that any girl who owns a large "S" is at least a six, for accumulating points is slow work. Thus, these girls have been continuously active in the G. A. A.

The following awards were made the first semester: Missouri "M"—Doris Kelpe, Althea Seagrave, Sarah Karraker, Lois McCulloch, and Jane Hollings; Soldan "S"—Betty Brainard, Evelyn Erfer, Ruth Hunter, Doris Kelpe, and Dorothy Petrov; Little "S"—Charlotte Bock, Adele Carman, Mary Davis, Jane Hall, Zella Hoffman, Mary Ingram, Shirley Jaffe, June Longworth, Mary F. Lowman, Jean McHenry, Elizabeth Hubbard, Dixie Oehler, Irene Pappas, Marion Schoenle, Althea Seagrave, and Sarah Karraker.

It is characteristic of a G. A. A. girl to be a leader in other activities and in her scholastic work. The G. A. A. takes pride in the fact that a majority of the girls who made the Honor Society last semester are members.

OFFICERS, FALL TERM

Ruth Hunter . . . . . *President*
Lois McCulloch . . . . . *Vice President*
June Longworth . . . . . *Secretary-Treasurer*

OFFICERS, SPRING TERM

Dorothy Petrov . . . . . *President*
Betty Jane Davidson . . . . . *Vice President*
Alice Ettinger . . . . . *Secretary-Treasurer*

LITERATURE

Ode to a Skeleton

BEHOLD, a skeleton hangeth there!
The ribs are white and dry;
The hot breeze filleth and moveth the air,
Framing the bones against the sky.

What hangeth it on?
How cometh it there,
So parched in the sun,
So bleached and so bare?

It is beaten by storms;
It is drenched by rains.
From whence was it borne
To the place it now hangs?

It swings there in morning;
It swings there in night;
'Tis a sight of forlorning
To gaze on its plight.

This tale could be lengthy,
But I'll make it slight:
The rigid ribs dangling
Are the sticks of a kite.

Edna Elaine Cope, Term 5.

Life's Stage

'Tis the part of the fool to laugh
When his heart is weeping inside;
'Tis the part of the great ones to act
And to hide their deep feelings, their pride.
'Tis the part of the tearful to smile
And to help all their brothers along;
And the part of the singer to sing
When his soul has lost all its song.

'Tis the part of the writer to write,
With his future as blank as the wall;
'Tis the part of the lovely to charm
When they're tired and sick of it all.
'Tis the part of the lover to live
When there's no one to call him, "My own";
And the part of the hopeless to work
When his visions have left him alone.

Mary Sue Hetherington, Term 6.

The Wild Horse

He stood upon the mountain
Silhouetted against the sky
And searched the grassy valley
With a wild and restless eye.
He pawed the earth impatiently
And shook his big black head,
Called to the rest of his prancing herd
And down the mountain sped.

Away down the mountain he galloped
Shaking his long black mane,
Pausing a moment to drink at a brook,
And then dashing onward again.
Over hill and valley, following
Through forest and prairie land,
From daybreak into the setting sun,
Galloped the vagrant band.

Nancy Grolock, Term 6.

Raindrops

THE tearful raindrops on my roof,
  Did patter constantly;
Though one by one the drops did fall,
  The street became a sea.

The drops did dance with rhythmic grace,
  In time to rising winds;
They sang a ballad weird and strange,
  With beats of sundry kinds.

The chanting echo of the drops,
  Enwrapped with cheerless stress,
Did form and mold some vague designs,
  That brought on drowsiness.

My mind conceived uncanny thoughts;
  On startling, shocking views
Of horrid and appalling ghosts,
  Astounded, did I muse.

Entranced was I when I did see
  This eerie, startling view;
And in my mind ran to and fro
  These hazy thoughts, anew.

My only consolation was
  The sight that my gaze met
When I looked down upon the earth
  And saw it dripping wet.

The steady drip-drop of these tears,
  Drawn from a vapored mass,
Did ripple down from sky to earth,
  Refreshing all the grass.

They saved the life of this parched earth
  And stopped its withering,
And I rejoice; this earth God saved;
  My heart with joy does ring.

Hyman Zahtz, Term 3.

Dust

When moontime is coming
And earth-world is still,
There is a wee laddie
Hops up to my sill.

One midnight I spied him
A-working so fast,
And thought I would ask him
His business at last.

"I'm tailor for fairies
And cobbler for elves;
I'm cook for the brownies
And pixies and kelves."

He sat there cross-legged
And whistled a while
Until he saw coming
A wee thing called Smile.

She's shy and retreating
But softly flew down
And said: "Little tailor,
I need a new gown.

"Make warm, light, and friendly
The web trimmed with blue
Like eyes of a baby
A-laughing at you."

He made it of moonbeams
And sunbeams all mixed,
And wove a child's chuckle
Between and betwixt.

My great wonderation
Escaped in a sigh;
The wee fellow quickly
Blew dust in my eye.

Mary Sue Hetherington, Term 6.

The Ballad Blues

I was told to write a ballad and can't refuse,
But, Heaven on earth, I've got the blues.

I've got the ballad blues and a yellow streak;
I'm out of ambition, and my head is weak.

I'm sick in the middle, and it's gone to my head.
I've got the ballad blues till I'm seeing red.

I ain't no genius, and my talent's gone;
So I've got to go by guess if I carry on.

I've got the blues; I've got the ballad blues;
And if I write a ballad, it's a-gonna be news.

They ought to get Shaw or Rudy Vallee,
And let me alone; that's what I say.

It'd take Ben Turpin and all his crew
To cheer a feller up when he's ballad blue.

I like to go to school and learn my stuff,
But writing ballads is too darn tough.

I've got no talent and ain't very bright,
But I've got to write a ballad if it takes all night

My head is dizzy; I've got the ballad blues;
I wish another feller were in my shoes.

I have to wrestle with my p's and q's
When I'm almost done with the ballad blues.

I'm all in, and I need a nurse,
But if I don't write a ballad, I'm a-gonna be worse.

I've got the ballad blues, and I've got 'em bad;
But if I don't get that ballad, I'll wish I had.

Curtis Nations, June, '36.

Sonnet to a Button

FOREVER on the job. Through wind and rain,
Through sleet and snow, you still must face ahead.
If smoke gets in your eyes, you don't complain,
Nor care about a lady dressed in red.
You never wear smoked glasses, though the sun
Be shining bright directly in your face;
Your nose has never yet been known to run;
We never hear you using language base.
Of course you must get tired, now and then,
And fall down off your job, although you try
Your best to keep your hold. But thoughtless men
Repay you with a needle in the eye.
Oh, what a pity that a thing so chipper
Must lose its loved position to a zipper.

David Feldman, June, '36.

Flyer's Paradise

BETWEEN a stormy sea and sky
Sped on a desperate flyer,
Knowing that he was to die,
Knowing not the hour.

The nearest shore was far away;
His gas was running low;
And so to God he began to pray
For a peaceful grave below.

All through the night he steered alone,
Waiting for Death's call,
And when appeared the hazy dawn,
His plane began to fall.

Into the swelling waves plunged he,
Never to breathe again;
But though his body lies under the sea,
His soul flies on in heaven.

Graydon Petzold, Term 7.

A Man's Work

"My worthless son, you'll come to naught
By fooling 'round this way;
Put down your father's violin;
A man's work start to-day."

With troubled heart he left her side;
He'd find a man's work soon;
But first he held the violin
To play a last, sad tune.

His mother caught, by chance, the song
And closer crept to hear
Who played that haunting melody,
That strain so sad, so dear.

It was her boy—her boy who played!
The melody she knew;
It made her live again the time
When broken dreams were few.

She stood there listening breathlessly,
Athrill to vibrant sound;
Her son, exultant, finally,
His work, she knew, had found.

Rose Marie Deadman, June, '36.

A Bird's Song

I left the house and wandered long
On paths where I had seldom gone;
I saw two birds and heard their song,
Stopped short, and listened in the dawn.

Then suddenly, amazed, I heard
Their song, not as sung by a little bird,
But even in words wherein my mind
Might happiness and comfort find.

This song for me was surely sent;
I listened to it in sweet content;
The message it conveyed to me
Was of all that was, and is, and will be.

This old-new song I heard and thought
On it—a miracle God had wrought
For me, that in my blindness I
Might see that beauty cannot die.

Phyllis Everett, Term 7.

The Death of Jerry Johnson

JERRY JOHNSON went out for a ride,
In order to get some air;
He whizzed through the streets at sixty per,
And missed a man by a hair.

He drove like mad through all the streets,
Missing a girl by an inch;
But Jerry Johnson didn't care;
He didn't even wince.

He missed a boy who was selling sheets,
By an inch, or two, or three;
"Look out!" cried the boy, and shook his fist;
"You almost ran over me!"

He missed a lady, crossing the street,
By an inch, or two, or more;
But this didn't bother Jerry a bit,
Though he had failed to score.

Then all at once there was a crash
When he failed to miss a tree;
But ever since Jerry's accident,
The streets are safer for me.

Julian Rainey, June, '36.

The Storm

Steve felt the boat lurch, then quiver in every timber as the howling gale rose to a high-pitched note that was literally painful to hear. He steadied himself by swaying easily back and forth on his legs, his feet placed wide apart. He put the picture of Marge and the boy back in the drawer from which he had taken it a moment before. For days he had looked at the sea without seeing it, his mind always back in port listening to Marge's chatter and watching his boy at his play. Now when he felt the sea lashing, he muttered curses between his teeth, yanked at his belt, spat calmly and deliberately at the corner of his cabin, and started for the stairs. On deck he looked firm and resolute; he began applying himself to reefing the sails, to unreeling rope, to preparing the scow for a devil of a blow.

He saw the waves leap up at the wind like snapping dogs that had been struck. The clouds tossed and churned overhead, but in the distance a smooth black cloud blotted out the horizon. Steve looked hard at the cloud while he tugged at a rope. "Hell's overhead today, boy," he said to a stripling assisting him. "That ain't no ordinary cloud, and I reckon I ort to know."

"You think we won't make it through?" asked the boy.

"Not so sure 'bout that," and Steve let go his rope, staggered over to the opposite side, and began helping the second mate.

Ten minutes later the boat sank down into the waves, and then leaped up like a cork. It plunged again; it leaped again. Steve found himself at the top of the stairs; then a mountain of water flung itself at him and washed him down. He felt as though he had been sucked into some monster's stomach. He floundered about, scrambled to his feet, and forced his way through the lurching boat to his door. He put his hand on the knob, and then let it go. "Kain't go in there and let the water get to Marge and the boy," he muttered. "Shore'd like to make it through for their sake—but they ain't a chance."

He felt the boat roll on its side, but it failed to right itself. Before, it had seemed like a live thing battling for life; now it had lost all power to challenge. "It's got me," said Steve and braced himself against the door of his room.

The Storm

The door shook violently. Steve pushed against it with all his resistance; then the door burst open, and the waves overwhelmed him.

The sky was crystal clear and the sun shone as though freshly burnished when news of the storm and of the wreck of the scow reached Marge's ears. She was putting up red-checked gingham curtains at her kitchen window when old Jean Taylor came in with his stoop, his grizzzled beard, and his stick to let her know what had happened. She was standing on a chair, threading the curtains on a slim brass rod when she saw old Jean standing at the door. "Hi there," she chirruped sprightly; "come right in."

Old Jean hit the floor with his stick. "You got to git off of that cheer, Marge, afore I kin speak to you."

She stepped down hastily. "Why, what is it? . . . . They ain't nothin' wrong?"

Old Jean took out his quid of tobacco and pitched it out in the yard; then he took out his red bandanna and mopped at his grizzled chin. "I reckon it's purty bad, Marge. I shore hate to have to be the one to break the news to you. Steve was shore a fine feller."

"Steve, Steve . . . hurt or dead?" Marge fell down on her knees and began crying.

"He's dead, Marge. The scow went under in the big wind they had day before yesterday."

"God, I thought he'd be home this evening. I was fixin' up fer him."

"Now, now, girl, don't be one of them there sob sisters. You got to face things, you know. Kain't go on like that. Y'a got to weather blows in this old world whether you're on the sea or offen it. That's what I all'us say; the storms get you anywher's—and you kain't give in. You gotta take it like."

Bobby, the boy, left his play and stood looking at his mother with big round eyes. Marge saw the little boy and said chokingly, "Oh, my poor baby," and fell to the floor, clenching her fists and sobbing.

The Storm

Old Jean went out, climbed over the low fence, and knocked at the door of the house next to Marge's. A little girl opened it to him. "You go tell your mammy to go over to Marge's; her husband Steve, he got drowned." The child hurried away, frightened by the grizzled old man, to tell her mother.

Marge sat in her kitchen far into the night. The woman next door was there, and so were many others. The red-checked curtains hung crisply at the windows; some friend had finished her task. Marge wished they would go away. She kept thinking of waves and clouds, of clouds and waves. "How did a person feel when he was being drowned?" she kept saying to herself. She lay down on a couch towards morning and fell asleep, but was awake again at dawn. She saw a sky, clear and mild, with not a cloud in sight. She got up and went and stood on the back step, and looked and looked at the sky; anger covered her face, and she shook her clenched fist at it. "Wonderful weather we're havin'!" she hissed at a mild old lady who came out and placed her frail hand on Marge's shoulder.

"You kain't go on like this, my girl. You shore miss him awful bad; don't you? But you know it might be for the best. The Lord has his own ways."

Marge said, "I just kain't bear to see the sun shine; it's goin' to run me crazy. Think how bad he wanted it fair."

Finally the people went away, and Marge and the boy were left alone. She would sit looking straight before her, smoothing the boy's hair with her hand. Her own hair was frowsy and unkempt. "I reckon we kain't stand it much longer," she'd keep saying to the little boy, and he would look up at her, wild-eyed or whimpering.

The woman next door dropped in frequently. Once she said, "Margie, you ought to look after Bobby better'n you do. It wouldn't please Steve none if he knew you neglected him."

"I don't reckon Steve's where he's a-carin' these days," answered Marge, "and I want you to know that I ain't carin' either. All I think of is that there storm."

The Storm

"You've got to forget the storm, Margie. What good is that goin' to do, to keep thinkin' of the storm? Think of Bobby; think of your flowers and the garden. It's about time you were gettin' hold of yourself."

"That storm's in here," said Marge, holding her head in both her hands. "Dash, dash, dash, chug, chug, chug! It's like that day and night. I can even feel the wind cold against my face and neck when the sun's shinin' as hot as blazes. The storm, I wish you'd tell me how to git away from it. I tell you I kain't get away from it any more'n Steve could. Oh, Lord, I hate to see the sun a-shinin'!"

The fair weather continued day after day, and Margie kept getting frowsier in appearance. Bobbie played as usual, but now his face was always grimy, and his clothes were so soiled that people stared at him when they passed. Some of the women who knew him would say "poor Bobbie" and shake their heads sadly. Then just at nightfall one day, a cloud began to push itself up over the horizon. It came up slowly, but the storm broke with a furious crash during the night. Mrs. Robbins, the woman next door, was awakened by the thunder, and lay listening to the wind lashing the trees. As she lay thus, an unusual sound kept coming to her ears. She sat up in bed to listen more intently; then she got up and went to the window. She raised it an inch or so and lowered her head to the opening. A child's sobbing came to her distinctly. "Oh, that poor woman and baby," she said to herself; "I know this is scaring them to death. I must go over and stay with them." She wrapped her husband's oilskin over her nightdress and bravely went out into the storm.

There was no light in Marge's house, but Bobbie's screams were terrifying. Mrs. Robbins went in without knocking or saying a word. She turned on her flashlight, and there stood Bobby all alone in the room. "Mamma left me, Mamma left me," he wailed. A hasty search revealed that he was telling the truth; Marge was not in the house. Mrs. Robbins took up four-year old Bobbie and went outside. "Has that poor thing gone crazy," she kept saying to herself, as she looked all about when the lightning lit up the yard. Finally she noticed something lying on a bench by the fence. A second flash of lightning revealed Marge

lying there in her thin nightgown. Mrs. Robbins was soon at her side. "My God, Margie, what are you doing here? Come, get up and go with me. See; here is Bobby, frightened half to death."

Marge got up without saying a word, and followed Mrs. Robbins meekly into the house. Mrs. Robbins lit the oil lamp, got a robe out of a closet, and said coaxingly, "Now, Margie, take off that wet thing before you get sick. Then I'll tuck you in and stay here with you till this storm is over."

"I wish you hadn't come," said Marge. "A real storm is such a relief to the one that pounds in my head all the time. It is good to feel real wind and real rain; they ain't so bad as the kind you think about. When you're hungry, you're always tastin' food, and you don't taste it either. I am always a-seein' a storm and not seein' it either—I thought I would go crazy—this storm is a relief. I wish I could stay out in it. I wish I'd never see another fair day, because they ain't no fair days in here," and she put her thin hand up to her forehead.

Within a few days every one was talking of Marge and wondering what was to be done. It wasn't safe to leave Bobby with her, they said; yet no one could decide what to do with him. Marge heard something of this talk, and began to smile when she talked to people and to say she would have to pull herself together. After this Bobby appeared in a fresh suit each morning, and Marge did her hair up in crimps at night, and wore perky house dresses. The people began to think she was coming to her senses at last. Only Old Jean Taylor was not deceived. "I seed Marge yesterday," he said to an acquaintance. "Cackled at everything I said. Said she was doin' fine now, but it ain't so. In my opinion she's plumb upset yit. And another thing, that thar woman will never be no better. Always was afeared of storms ever since a little shaver like. That storm that got Steve got her, too. Nope, she ain't a gittin' no better, not by a long shot."

The summer wore along and autumn began to suggest its arrival by the full seed pods and late flowers. One night there was a cold, driving wind sweeping in from the north-

west. The waves pounded and battled the coast. Old Jean said, "Lord, that thar sea looks like it did the time Steve went down." He put up the shutters to his cabin, and fastened his door with a chain. During the night he heard some one pound at the door and say, "Open up, Taylor!"

He knew the voice, and got out of bed at once and hobbled to the door as fast as his rheumatic legs would carry him. "What's a matter now; sumthin' wrong?"

"You have to take this kid, Taylor, while we go out and look for his mother." Old Jean looked down at Bobbie, a frightened, sobbing little fellow, who kept saying, "I want mamma."

"I don't reckon you'll find her," said Old Jean to the men. "In my opinion she don't aim to go back."

"No, she's crazy," said one of the men. "Took the kid with her and left him out there on the beach. I run on to him by chance. No woman's goin' to do that without bein' crazy."

The men went out with their lanterns; the wind howled and screeched. Old Jean sat by the fire with Bobbie, talking in his quaint way. He put his hands together and made shadows on the white wall. Some of these were so amusing that Bobbie laughed in spite of himself. At last the little boy fell asleep, and the old man put him in his own bed and continued to sit by the fire. The day came at last, and just as Old Jean began to grind his coffee in preparation for breakfast, the young fellow came to the door again and said, "Well, we looked all night, but not a trace. She's bound to be gone. But the boy, whata' we to do about him?"

"I ain't no 'count for nothin' else," said Old Jean; "guess I'll keep him now as I have him."

Curtis Nations, June, '36.

Three Turkeys

"Western Union, Tel-e-e-gram!" A prolonged ring was followed by several short rings. This was the doorbell of Miss Prissy Hawthorn, spinster, seamstress, ardent church worker, and neighborhood gossip. She laid down her sewing, took off her spectacles, wiped and replaced them on her long thin nose. Now this was certainly a sign of excitement, for never before in her well ordered life had Miss Prissy removed, much less wiped, her spectacles before eight o'clock in the evening.

However, having expressed her emotion in this boisterous manner, Miss Prissy arose and went to the door herself, this day being the day the maid was off. Oh, yes, Miss Prissy did keep a maid: "I really don't have to work or sew," she often repeated. "My dear old uncle Zariah saw to that in his will, of course. He was a good man," she would always add, wiping her eyes fervently, "a very good man. Yes, indeed."

The renewed ringing of the bell interrupted her meditations, and she answered the summons.

"Tel'gram for party, name of Hawthorn," the messenger announced brightly, methodically clanking an inevitable wad of gum between every two words. "Sign here, please, mam," he added, shoving his book toward poor Miss Prissy, who, being too nervous to know what else to do, signed her name, took the proffered yellow envelope, and closed the door, as the boy gave a final indifferent look around before turning away.

Adjusting her glasses more firmly, Miss Prissy Hawthorn carefully inspected the address on the envelope. It read like this: "Mr. John Hawthorn, 11 Pacific Street, Jackson, Ohio."

Now John Hawthorn was Miss Prissy's brother. With a quivering sigh of relief, the spinster sank into the nearest chair, and sat looking at the envelope, trying to decide whether to open it or not to open it.

"Well, well, well," said Miss Prissy to herself, "I'll just open it and read it to him over the 'phone. Of course I'm not interested in what's in it; but it may be important, and there is no sense in trying to call that boy back now. He's too far away."

Having solved the problem to her satisfaction, she hesitated, and then started to read. The first words were, "Herman killed—"

Now Miss Prissy Hawthorn was a kind-hearted woman; so she decided to "break the news gently." Not stopping to read the rest, which she was sure consisted only of details, which would make it harder to tell, she quickly folded the paper and replaced it, arose, telephoned for a taxi, put on her hat and coat, tucked the telegram in her purse, picked

up gloves and umbrella,—though there was a not a cloud in the sky—and walked down the steps to the sidewalk to wait for the taxi. All this was done in the course of three minutes. When the taxi arrived, she stepped in with surprising agility and ordered the driver to take her to the State Bank Building as quickly as possible. By this time poor Miss Prissy was trembling with anxiety.

When she eventually arrived at the building,—to her the short ride seemed to take hours—she flurried to the elevator and announced with trembling voice, "Sixth floor, please." There she waited impatiently, with her hat on backwards, one hand clutching her purse tightly, the other hand just as tightly clutching the arm of the operator. Nevertheless, in spite of her ridiculous appearance she did finally manage to reach the office of "John Hawthorn Realty Co." on the sixth floor.

After receiving with maidenly primness her brother's hearty kiss, she took the nearest seat possible and said, "John, please sit down."

"Why?" he inquired, quite puzzled.

"Just, just, well, because, well, I have some very bad news to break to you."

"All right, I'll take it just as well standing, if you don't mind. What is this bad news? Was your house robbed or something?"

"No, No, of course not. It's—it is, well—it is a telegram that was brought to my house by mistake."

"Well, give it to me."

Slowly Miss Prissy drew the telegram from her crowded purse, while she explained: "It is about your brother-in-law, out in the country, uh, uh, Herman. He, well, er—oh, here!"

Mr. John Hawthorn calmly unfolded the piece of yellow paper and just as calmly read it. He didn't faint, and he didn't even go pale. In fact, he laughed.

"What's bad news about that, Pris?" he inquired. "Why, that sounds good to me. Never heard of anything better. Are you going?"

"Good news! Am I going! What are you talking about, John Hawthorn?"

"Why, this telegram, of course. Here, read it again and tell me what is such bad news."

"I—I didn't read it all," quavered poor Miss Prissy as she took it. Then she read:

"Herman killed three turkeys. Want you to come for Thanksgiving dinner. Bring family and Prissy. Wire reply."

Dorothy Dobson, June, '36.

Ruffian River

In the budding woods at the foot of Whippoorwill Hollow two lean white men and a tall, muscular black boy were hurriedly strapping brass coils and brown boxes upon the backs of two long-eared mules, who were voicing their disapproval at the procedure with lusty brays that rang up and down the banks of Cypress Creek. The men worked with feverish haste, and in their hurry often skinned a knuckle upon the sharp edges of the brass coils. They cursed loud and long when this happened, and landed hobnailed boots upon the bony sides of the braying mules.

"Jep, you shouldn't a hit the old coon so hard. Ah thought he was gona drown when all our good shine poured down his neck," said Frog Eye, the taller of the two white men.

"Well," replied the other white man, "I went to town to git my new shoulder holster with the patent spring, and as I come down the post office steps, Ah bumped into him. He ast me how was coon hunting out my way. I said to him, 'Joe Tom Flint, if I knew, I wouldn't tell you.' Well, one word led to another; so I crowned the darn fool deputy over the head with my corn sack!"

"It wouldn't have been so bad," said Frog Eye Jack, "if you hadn't of had a jug full of good corn in that sack. Now they'll shore raid us."

The big negro boy finished strapping the load upon the mules and turned to the dying embers of the fire and stamped them out.

"Mistah Jep, Ah think Ah seed Dicey comin' round de bluff a minute ago. Guess we better start," said the black boy, Lost John.

At that moment a small, black, curly headed man ran out from under the overhanging bluff and stumbled breathlessly into the midst of the waiting men.

"Ol' Joe Tom Flint and de sheriff and a hundred bloodhounds is on my trail about a mile down de river!" cried the boy.

"Well, Frog Eye," said Jep, "let's hit for Gravy Eddy across the swamp."

"Suits me," replied Frog, glancing nervously down the hollow from which the faint baying of the hounds could be heard. "Start 'em up, Lost."

Ruffian River

The moonshiners moved in single file across the sterile pine forest toward the distant swamp. Frog led with his thirty-thirty in his hand, and he was followed by the black boys, each leading a mule, with Jep bringing up the rear. To the festering swamps on the other side of the flats was three miles of soft, sandy soil, dotted here and there with tall, tufted pines and low hills. The fleeing moonshiners had to cross the alligator-infested swamp to reach the banks of the Ruffian River where it flowed due south to the state line and safety. With the low-lying sun beating down upon their backs, the party trudged slowly across the sandy forest with lagging steps.

Not far in the rear the two-man posse had come upon the remains of the deserted still. A fleshy, red-faced deputy, who held a hound which was straining at its leash, said: "Well, sheriff, it looks as if Jep and Frog Eye have flown toward the swamp."

"Yes," replied the sheriff as he scratched his sweating brow, "this is a heck of a day to go hunting stills. That Jep Shelton and Frog Eye know these flats like a coon."

"I hope," replied the deputy, "he don't head for Ruffian River, seeing as neither of us can swim."

"Well," said Sheriff Leaton, "we got a long chase; so let's go."

The pine trees soon began to dwindle into ones and twos, and soon the moonshiners broke out of the sandy ground into a low, damp area. Dark, forbidding trees and endless brush reached as far as the eye could see. Noisy blue jays flew in and out of the tall trees as the little party left the bright sunlight and plunged into the festering swamp. Dirty scum water squashed beneath their boots, and soon they were wading ankle deep through the slime.

"We'll reach old Railroad Bill's Road soon," said Frog Eye; "then we got a good road clear to the Ruffian."

Presently they began to wade upon higher land and then walked out upon a built-up road that was once used by lumbermen to haul great cypress logs out of the swamps.

The road led deeper into the swamp where tall cypress trees reached up a hundred feet above the water and their roots humped up out of the dirty liquid in search of air. The party had to pick their way among the cypress knees and dodge the overhanging hog brier vines. Brilliantly col-

ored flowers grew in profusion around the swamp, and the poisonous insects buzzed steadily in a monotonous hum which was deadening to the ears. Through holes in the leafy ceiling the sun thrust downward and flashed across the stagnant water.

The hunters and their hounds were wading through the swamp not far behind when Jep and his companions, catching the ever-nearing baying of the hounds, whipped the panting mules to a greater speed and hurried toward the river. A red-eyed gator appearing suddenly in their path caused one of the mules to bolt into the swamp. Precious minutes were lost in pulling the balking mules back upon the path. When they had reached the edge of the swamp, they could see the murky yellow river from between the thinning cypress trees. Suddenly they pushed forth into the dazzling sunlight and slid down the muddy bank to the sluggish Ruffian River.

Lying half in the murky water lay three river skiffs. Quickly Jep and Lost John began to bail out two of them, while Dicey and Frog began to unload the best still on the Ruffian River from the backs of half-dead mules.

No sooner had the bailed-out skiffs been loaded than bullets began to kick up the mud at Jep's feet.

Jep reached for his thirty-eight in the new shoulder holster. He laid his hand on the weapon and gave it a hearty tug. Suddenly it jumped out of the holster like a scared hound from a gator's snap, and Jep's hand and gun came up and rested none too gently upon his chin. The impact was so great that Jep keeled over. In the meantime Frog Eye had brought his thirty-thirty into action and driven the officers back into the swamp.

Loading Jep into one skiff, Frog pushed off and covered the retreat of Lost and Dicey in the other skiff. Bullets whizzed over their heads as they rounded Gravy Eddy Bend and paddled furiously downstream toward the state line several miles ahead.

When the hunted had disappeared from view, the officers rushed down to the river and began to bail out the remaining skiff.

"Good thing we got here when we did," panted Joe Tom; "they left in such a hurry they left this skiff and paddles."

"Let's go," cried the sheriff; "we ain't got no still to hinder us. We oughta catch 'em in no time."

The officers put their paddles to work, and the skiff slid noiselessly down the dirty yellow stream. Towering bluff and straggling trees soon disappeared, and the river ran swiftly between low-lying plains upon which grazed an occasional deer.

The moonshiners were tiring rapidly with the heavy load of a still. Frog Eye, paddling by himself, was still further handicapped and soon dropped behind his companions. They were about half-way to the state line when Jep began to show signs of coming to. As Frog Eye was watching his companion, he did not notice the low, yellow bar of sand that stretched across the river until his skiff had run upon it.

"Holy Cow," muttered Frog Eye, wearily.

Working hastily, he loosened his skiff and shot out once more into the rushing channel. But the moments spent in freeing his craft were proving costly, for the skiff of the officers was overtaking the exhausted moonshiner.

Suddenly Jep came to. With this fresh help Frog struggled on, but the officers slowly overhauled the heavier skiff.

"Don't shoot!" cried Joe Tom to his companion. "We'll take these Ruffian River roughnecks whole. Better stop, or we'll drill you," he cried to the moonshiners, who were sitting bent over in their drifting skiff.

Suddenly Jep cried, "Watch out, sheriff; there's a gator!" The sheriff jumped sideways and in his haste bent over too far. The skiff tipped over, and the two officers were thrown struggling into the muddy river.

"Help!" they cried to the grinning moonshiners, as they floundered about in the water.

"Well, now, ain't this awful?" said Frog Eye.

"Now, mebbe," replied Jep, loud enough for the drowning officers to hear, "if these gentlemen would forget our little difficulty, Ah thinks us roughnecks might pull 'em in."

"Anything!" cried Joe Tom as he went under again.

The sheriff had one hand above water, and enormous bubbles broke the surface near it. Jep extended the deputy a paddle, and Frog pulled the sheriff above water.

"Get me to land, and I don't care if you make poison," wailed the half-drowned Joe Tom.

A thin blue thread of smoke floated up from Whippoorwill Hollow. The sun beamed brightly upon a freshly polished brass still, which had a merry fire in the boiler. A brown jug caught the clear drops as they dripped from the coil. Lying in the shade of the bluff, two tall, lazy moonshiners smoked their corncobs.

"What are you thinking of, Frog Eye?" asked Jep of his dozing companion.

"I was thinkin'," replied Frog Eye, "just Ruffian River roughnecks. That's us."

"Yep," agreed Jep, as he also went to sleep.

Whack! Jep was awakened from his slumber by a resounding blow upon his head.

"Git up, you lazy roughnecks," sounded a familiar voice. The sheriff and six hard-faced deputies led the protesting moonshiners up the hollow and encouraged them with hobnailed boots and gun butts.

For several days, as the two languished in the county jail, Frog's face wore a vague expression of doubt.

At last Jep inquired with a painful effort, "What's been worrin' you, Frog?"

"Why did the jedge say eleven months an' twenty-nine days?"

"He sed he didn't want us to serve a whole year," yawned Jep, turning over and dozing off.

Sidney Bernstein, June, '35.

The Wheel of Chance

"The Bolsheviks, they are coming," shouted a youngster as he ran through the narrow streets of a small village in southern Russia. That long-dreaded warning had at last reached the ears of the inhabitants of the town, who had prayed constantly that the blood-thirsty soldiers would never enter their village. Stories were told and repeated of the horrors of the revolution and the people were warned to protect themselves as best they could. So it was that the small family of Bedovitch gathered together their most precious belongings and hurried down to the basement of their home to secure safety. The children, girl twins and one boy, thought it all something adventurous and delightful, and spent their time running around the cellar playing soldiers. Sonia and Olga, the twins, who were only seven each, were indeed an interesting sight. Both were chubby, and their hair, which was perhaps the most fascinating thing about them, was jet black and fell in two dark braids down their tiny little shoulders. Their little round faces were identical in every feature. Their mother and father were very proud of these two, for their beauty was the envy of every child in the village. Boris, the boy, was quite an ordinary looking chap of ten years. He usually felt very much superior, being the oldest and having the privilege of helping his father with his work. So it was that the mother with a great deal of effort finally gathered the children together and made them take their respective places around the table for the evening meal. As the father, a man of about thirty-five, stood at the head of the table ready to begin the evening prayer, a look of fright crept across his face. The endless pounding of horses' hoofs could be heard from without. He tried to say the blessing, but his voice was drowned out by the shouting and crying that rang through the streets. The meal was immediately forgotten. The mother, terror stricken, gathered her children in her arms while her husband tried to comfort her. Suddenly a loud knock was heard on the cellar door. The father bravely went towards it. As he peered through a tiny crack, he saw that the visitor was only one of the neighbors. He at once opened the door and admitted a short, slender man of about forty-five. He seemed all out of breath and could hardly speak.

"What is it, Simon," asked Bedovitch nervously; "has some one been hurt?"

"Yes," answered Simon, still shaking, "my wife, she is dying, and I can do nothing."

"I'll go with you," said Bedovitch.

ı go, then I'll go, too," pleaded his wife.

"Б ren," said her husband. "It is not safe to take hat will we do with them?"

The mother turned to Boris, "My son, can I not trust you to stay with your sisters until we return?"

Boris faithfully promised that he would watch over the twins until his parents returned. The three then left the cellar and hurried into the crowded street. The sight before them was tragic. Men, women, and children were lying on the pavement dead. People, horses, and soldiers were rushing through the streets; some were looking for shelter, while others were looking for new victims. As they approached the next house, a group of soldiers stopped them and asked them where they were going. Simon answered anxiously that they were going to aid some one who was in great distress. The inhuman Bolsheviks would not let them go any further, but without hesitation decided to shoot all three as spies. Bloodthirsty revolution! These men would stop at nothing to gain their own selfish ends.

In the meantime Boris was becoming impatient, for it seemed that hours had passed since his parents had departed. He finally decided that it would do little harm to open the cellar door a little to see whether they were coming. The mischievous little twins followed their brother closely as he approached the opening. As Boris looked out, his interest became so intense that he did not notice Sonia, who quietly slipped by him and ran into the street. When he finally did look around and found that his little sister was gone, he became so frightened and nervous that he slammed the

door down, quickly gathered Olga in his arms, and both retired to a small corner of the room to await their never returning parents.

As Sonia first approached the outside, she became fascinated by the excitement that was continuously going on. Being a child she thought it fun to be in a crowd where there were horses, and men dressed as soldiers. She ra. quite a way without being noticed by any one. Then suddenly one of the horses happened to kick her. She uttered a loud scream and fell to the ground. The soldier, upon hearing the cry of a child, got off his horse and picked her up. Not knowing what to do with her, he took her back to his home. So it came about that Sonia, instead of being returned to her family, was taken by the Bolshevik and raised as his own child. Bernoff, who lived in Kiev, never troubled to find out whom she belonged to. He and his wife, having lost their only child through illness, decided to bring the pretty little youngster up as their own. Sonia's life with the Bernoffs was a very happy one, and at the age of seventeen she went with her supposed mother and father to America.

In the meantime Boris and Olga were adopted by one of the neighbors. They grew up to believe that their sister had been captured by the heartless revolutionists: however, they were determined to find her some day. They, too, with the little savings that they had, migrated to America, the country of their dreams. Like most immigrants they settled in the highly populated city of New York. Even then they still had hopes of finding their sister. Both of them finally managed to find work in a dress factor

The Bernoffs, however, in the short t... ...ha. they were there managed to save a great deal of money. Sonia, whose ambition was to become a lawyer, attended Columbia University for a period of six years. As she was a very capable young woman, she soon gained the reputation of being one of the greatest lawyers of the state. After a few years of constant success, she was at last made Assistant District Attorney.

The Wheel of Chance

Olga found her work in the shop very tiresome and oftentimes she would dream away her time instead of doing the work assigned to her. On one of these occasions she was asked to stay after working hours to finish. Only a few of the workers stayed, and one of these was a young man of about twenty-four, who was a well-known designer. As Olga sat working very rapidly and humming an old Russian tune, she suddenly heard a shot. She quickly ran into the adjoining room and discovered the body of the young designer on the floor with a gun beside him. She bent over him trying to revive him, but the shot was fatal. He died before she could even question him. Accidentally, however, she picked up the gun. As she stood holding the weapon, the rest of the workers in the factory, having heard the shot, came rushing into the room. They assumed at once that she had shot him. After a great deal of questioning she was summoned to the office of the superintendent. As she approached the door, she stopped to utter a little prayer that her foster mother had taught her. As she entered the room her whole body trembled.

"You were in the room with the murdered man, holding the gun with which you shot him, were you not?" questioned the man at the desk.

"That is a lie," cried Olga. "I have never harmed a human being in my life."

"I'm afraid that I cannot believe you even if I want to, because Kathleen, our head operator, is positive that she saw you enter the room before the shot was fired."

"You call that justice!" cried Olga. "You are willing to take the word of one woman against the other because she happens to have a higher position. Oh, God! I have suffered so much all my life; please do not doom my life with such disgrace."

After this pleading outburst, Olga was immediately escorted to the nearby police station. As much as she pleaded with them, they refused to listen to her and only

replied in that much used expression, "Tell it to the judge." After spending a dreadful night in the jail, she was finally permitted to communicate with Boris, who promised her that he would do all that was possible to convince them of her innocence.

All luck was against them. Most of the girls in the factory disliked Olga because she had so little to do with them and seemed so much more cultured than they. Kathleen, especially, had created a feeling of hate between the two of them as a result of Olga's refusal to associate with her socially. She resented this action and was determined to get even with her. Another obstacle in the way of freedom was found in the statements made by the sweetheart of the murdered man. She was so excited at the news of his death that she began to create stories concerning Olga's motive for killing him.

The trial was set for December 4. Boris, having only a few dollars saved up, could employ only a cheap lawyer. This young man, however, was very capable and trustworthy. As fate would have it, Sonia was to defend the state at this trial because the District Attorney was on his annual vacation. She had, however, never seen the accused. The long-dreaded day finally approached. The courtroom was filled as usual with reporters, lawyers, and interested spectators. Sonia sat at her table looking over some of her valuable reports and did not even notice Olga, who was sitting beside her brother and the lawyer, looking almost eight years older since that fatal night. The judge took his place and the trial began. Witnesses were called, and their dishonest testimony entirely favored the state. Finally the supreme moment arrived. Olga slowly with downcast eyes walked towards the stand. A sudden hush fell over the audience as the attorney for the state approached the accused. At first the resemblance between the two was scarcely noticed, because Olga looked a great deal older and shabbier. As Boris sat staring intensely at the attorney, his eyes wandered back and forth from one to the other. His mind began to travel back a great many years. The revolution, his parents, and lastly, the twins. This

woman who looked so like his poor sister—where did she come from, and why was it that he felt such a strange feeling within his soul? Even the people in the courtroom were beginning to notice the strong resemblance between the two, but they immediately dismissed it from their minds, knowing that it would be an impossible situation.

Sonia began her cross-examination of the accused with all her experience and tactfulness. After she had completed her questionings and accusations, she returned to her desk with a feeling of complete success mingled with a little pity for the young murderess. Olga's lawyer did his utmost to prove his case, but in comparison with the prosecution his bold efforts were completely unnoticed by the jury.

Finally the last opportunity to plead to the court for an acquittal arrived in the summary for the defense. He seemed to put his whole heart and soul into the plea. In that plea was all their hope. The time for the summary of the prosecuting attorney arrived. Sonia walked directly in front of the jury with the greatest of ease. Her address bore evidence of her command of oratory and skillful reasoning. As she reached the climax of her plea, she raised her hand in the air to make it more emphatic. A loud scream was heard through the courtroom. Every one turned to Boris as he shouted: "Sonia, Sonia, we have found you." Sonia stood there speechless. A cold chill ran through her body while two officers tried to hold Boris, who was shouting enthusiastically. Olga, who stood next to him, thought that her brother was being merely affected by the terrible strain. She could not understand his outburst, and she tried to do her best to comfort him. The unexpected excitement brought the whole courtroom into an uproar. Poor Boris struggled with the officers, and not being able to free himself, he cried out, "I appeal to you as human beings. You cannot permit a sister to prosecute her own flesh and blood. That woman you see standing there is the twin sister of the accused. Look at both of them; they have identical faces. In the name of God, you must listen to me." All the spectators stared in astonishment, and even the judge was moved by this declaration. He immediately called a recess, and requested that Sonia, Olga, and

The Wheel of Chance

Boris retire to his office. When they had all assembled, the understanding judge asked Boris to tell the reason for his sudden announcement. Boris, his eyes fixed on the hand of Sonia, began his story. He told of the revolution, of his parents, and lastly of the disappearance of Sonia.

"But how did you recognize her?" asked the judge.

"By her finger," answered Boris. "When Sonia was a very little girl she happened to be playing with a sharp hatchet which had been carelessly left lying around. This incident ended unfortunately, for the poor child chopped half of her finger off. This was the first tragedy of our childhood.

"When Sonia raised her hand to indicate force in her plea for the state, I noticed the finger. Previously I thought I recognized her, but at once dismissed the thought from my mind because it seemed so impossible. Now, I am sure of it."

Olga started to weep quietly, while Sonia remained entirely numb. She could hardly believe all of this; yet she felt sure that Boris was telling the truth. So she turned to the judge and said, "Your honor, if you will permit me, I will call my mother and father—that is, my supposed parents. They will surely tell me the truth about this whole affair. In the meantime, I'm afraid you will have to accept my resignation as prosecuting attorney for the state." With these words Sonia rushed out of the room. It all seemed so unreal to her that her supposed parents could have lied to her all these years. She felt a little ashamed at not having displayed any emotion toward her brother and sister; but the excitement had so stunned her that all she could do was to rush out of the room to a quiet place where she could think.

It was not long afterwards that she learnt the whole truth from her parents. They begged her to forgive them, telling her that they could not have done otherwise considering the circumstances. It was then that she immediately rushed over to the jail to her new-found brother and sister. The scene that followed was one that was filled with sentiment and happiness. They sat and talked for hours,

these three, and seemed to relive the years that they had missed together.

It was several hours later that they suddenly recalled the incident that had brought them together. Sonia closely questioned Olga about her activities during the day of the murder. Olga revealed the whole story of her experience without leaving out a single incident. In the days that followed Boris and Sonia worked day and night trying to discover a way in which to free their sister. The trial had been postponed until the next session, and by this time it had gained so much publicity that the whole country was well informed about the existing circumstances. The only hope that existed was the prospect of new evidence. Sonia's only conclusion about the whole case was that the young designer had committed suicide. She could not find a motive for this, but she was determined to bring out a possible motive through the testimony of his employer, who she felt knew more than he was telling.

The most spectacular trial in the history of the country took place in the courtroom of the east side of New York. Two human beings were fighting for the life of their sister. One was acting as her lawyer, while the other was pouring courage and hope into her soul. It was a fight for the happiness of three people. The fulfilment was reached at the trial when the employer of the murdered man testified that the young designer had threatened to kill himself if the employer refused to accept a pattern that he had labored to perfect. The employer could not believe that the young man actually had the courage; so he had accused Olga on the strength of existing conditions. Furthermore, he did not want to disclose the fact that he was the cause of the suicide. It was really Sonia's skillful cross-examination that turned the tide of affairs, and she met her real reward in the love and adoration of her brother and sister. The wheel of chance continues to turn for these three individuals, but it travels only on a smooth road.

Esther Steinberg, June, '36.

She Who Hesitates

On her sixtieth birthday Amelia Gothorn paused in the doorway of a warmly inviting department store. Should she go in? The thin dime in her bag rattled against her keys disconsolately, and reminded her that she had only enough for an extremely light luncheon. Yes, she would go in long enough to warm her frail, shaking hands and to pretend to be intent on some minor purchase. She slipped into the swinging doors and was deposited rather breathlessly in the main aisle of the store. Shoppers rushed from counter to counter, elbowing the unassuming little woman, who paused uncertainly while trying to decide which way to turn. Miss Gothorn envied these people; they never seemed to hesitate, but rushed on—some with the light of bargains in their eyes, others hurrying to keep an appointment, and still others attempting to attend a sale before their lunch hour was over.

She glanced at the big clock at the end of the aisle. Eleven-fifty. Should she lunch now or pass some more time? If she waited till later, the afternoon would seem shorter, but the thought of warm tea made waiting hard. She must wait as long as possible, for after this last coin was gone, she little knew what would happen. Perhaps she could sell one of her treasured heirlooms; but they were valued mostly for sentiment, and then, too, it would be hard to decide which to part with.

It occurred to her that if she were to walk down the street to a little tea room she had seen, she could work up an appetite. Not that she didn't have an appetite already, but still it would take longer than going to the counter, and the tea room upstairs was far too expensive.

With the pleasant sensation of having a goal and a purpose, she crossed to the door with a new lightness in her step. She started down the street leisurely, in spite of the cold that made people walk briskly to stimulate circulation, and coming to a corner, attempted to solve the weighty question of whether she should cross here or farther down the street. A burly individual jostled her elbow; she stepped back and was caught in the tide of pedestrians intent on crossing to the other side. Amelia let herself be carried along and found herself on the opposite curb, with the familiar feeling of having left the decision to some one else.

Her eye was caught by the tempting display of a baker's window, and she breathed deeply the aroma of hot bread. It was almost as good as eating; she could taste it, but it was harder to deceive the gnawing reality of an empty stomach.

She moved on and came in sight of a quaint little tea shop. She had never noticed it before and wondered if she should try it out. Amelia pondered the question for a moment until she remembered that the farther she went, the longer she would have something to anticipate.

Drifting along with the noon-hour crowds, she came at last to the cheerful entrance of the little restaurant. She entered and glanced about helplessly. As she wavered indecisively between two tables, her problem was once more solved for her. This time it was an elderly couple who seated themselves at one of the two. Without further ado, she slipped into a chair, and sat stiffly until a waitress came to take her order. Glancing over the menu, she realized that she had to choose between coffee and tea. Tea was served with toast, and she loved the combination; but on the other hand the muffins that were served with the coffee were delicious and much more filling. She wanted something that she could dawdle over as long as possible.

The waitress tapped her foot impatiently and reminded Miss Gothorn of her presence. The latter looked up timidly and gave her order. She hoped it would be long before she was served, for it would give her time to thaw out and bask in the warmth and cheer of the atmosphere. Contrasted to the drabness of the little room she called home, the shop was almost magnificent. Her rent was paid up to the end of the month, but it had taken the last of her meager savings. Today was the twenty-third! She shuddered to think of what would happen on the first of the coming month, for her landlady was a woman of few sympathies and little patience. She wouldn't decide what was to be done until she had to.

Decide! She hated the word. It had always been her Waterloo. As a child she wasn't able to decide whether she wanted jam or preserves on her bread and butter, and she would leave it up to her mother, who should have checked this weakness when her daughter was young. She had never been able to decide whether she wanted chocolate or vanilla ice cream, and she would compromise by asking for a combination. But one couldn't always compromise, and now at sixty it had become increasingly difficult for her to make up her mind. She was thankful that she had no weighty problems, for the questions of everyday life loomed formidably when she was confronted with them.

Ah, at last! The girl in the trim uniform set down the tempting, though meager, tray. Amelia attempted to con-

She Who Hesitates

ceal her eagerness and poured the coffee slowly into the cup. Cream, just so much. Sugar, two, no three lumps; it was nourishing. She stirred slowly, and broke the first muffin. She cut the wafer of butter exactly in half, then in quarters, one for each half of muffins. Oh, it was good! In spite of all her efforts to eat slowly, she could not help greedily devouring the first half, down to the smallest crumb. The rest she prolonged as long as possible, and it was some ten minutes before she apologetically paid the indifferent cashier and stepped hesitantly into the rush of the Saturday shoppers.

It was still so early, the "before-two" crowd jammed the entrance of a nearby theater. She wished she had the price of an admission, but if she had, there would be the question of whether she should waste it on the show, or spend it on much-needed food. There was a chance that she could slip by the ticket-taker in the rush; she had done it once, and spent the entire afternoon and evening in warm comfort, seeing the feature picture, newsreel, and comedies over and over until the lights were turned off. There was no harm in trying, she reasoned, and fell in with the line. The ticket-taker eyed her suspiciously and held out his hand. She murmured something about having had it a minute ago, and fished about in her shallow bag. The line behind her moved impatiently and she stepped aside.

Her heart sank. There was nothing to look forward to, not even anything to decide. Drifting aimlessly down the street, Amelia dreaded the thought of returning home. She came to the corner and stepped from the curb. The cars loomed terrifyingly on either side of her, and she wondered if she had not better go back and wait until the light changed. She hesitated . . . and was lost. Sirens screamed! A crowd gathered—and Amelia Gothorn was taken to the hospital.

Hours later, she regained consciousness, but had not the strength to open her eyes. Her head ached, but the sheets felt cool and clean against her skin. Some one was talking in the room—a man's voice.

"She can't last more than an hour or so, at the most," he murmured, "but keep her comfortable."

A faint smile flickered for a moment over Amelia Gothorn's countenance. This was the final decision, and Someone Else had decided for her! Once more she had the pleasant sensation of having a goal, and set out without fear or hesitation.

Sara Jean Alexander, January, '36.

When a Nation Mourns

It was one of those uncertain nights in early spring when March invades the rains of April. The wind whistled coldly through the damp branches of the trees, and the moon was gray among the drifting clouds. The street lamps shone vaguely through the fog. They were like supernatural bodies of light suspended in the air by invisible chandeliers.

In a mood to match such a night John Wilkes Booth trudged slowly down a dark street in the slums of Washington, his tall, slim, lonely figure barely visible. As he passed a lamp, his worried, unshaven face was dimly lighted. He was hatless; his hair, ruffled by the wind, was damp and shiny. Occasionally he smoothed it back with a bare hand. He muttered to himself as he walked; he stopped, listened, turned around, and then resumed his course. Soon his keen ears detected the sound of music, and as he walked a little farther, he saw the light of a saloon. The tense lines of his face slightly relaxed as he entered.

As Booth hesitated a moment and looked around him, he saw men—some sober, some drunk, some playing cards, some sprawled on chairs asleep, and others at the bar, drinking. Amid the tinkling of glasses and bottles, the annoying sound of the tincannish piano, and the loud talking and profanity, Booth walked silently to the bar, not answering the greetings of his friends.

"One Scotch straight," he muttered, leaning against the bar.

"One Scotch straight," repeated the bartender as he placed a small whiskey glass on the counter and filled it. Booth drank the contents of the glass with one swallow. He reached into his pocket, took out a coin, and slapped it on the counter.

"Joe here yet?" he asked.

"Yeah, he's in the back room waiting," was the answer.

Booth walked to the back room, closed the door, and sat down at a table with his companion. He relaxed—it was good to get away from the humdrum noise of the saloon.

"You're late, Booth," said Joe.

"Yeah, I know; but I had a lot to do," he answered. There was a short silence. "I went through every inch of the theater; I know it like a book. It probably wasn't necessary to do all that, but I don't want to take any chances. Here are the plans." He took out a paper with some sketches on it and handed it to Joe.

Joe looked at it, studied it, and then said: "A pretty far jump from here to here," and he pointed to two of the figures on the plan.

"I'll take the chance," said Booth, biting his lip nervously.

"Okay by me; only remember I warned you," was the retort.

"Oh, forget it," said Booth impatiently.

"What other things did you attend to?" asked Joe.

"I bought a knife, cleaned and loaded my gun, and hid them both at the theater. I got the horse. Tomorrow night you get it and wait by the stage door. The business should be over by at least ten o'clock."

"What about stage hands?" asked Joe.

"Leave them to me," was the answer.

"Come on; let's get out of here," suggested Joe, seeing Booth's nervous state of mind. They arose, stalked through the saloon, went out through the swinging doors, and soon disappeared into the blackness of the night.

It was Good Friday; a new day had dawned, and the hours sped by until it was again dark. This time, though, the air was clear and sweet, and a warm breeze blew, refreshing all that had been stifled by the fog and mist of the night before.

John Wilkes Booth, his eyes sparkling wickedly, walked down Tenth Street to the Ford Theater. From a distance he heard the laughter and voices of people; he knew they were all waiting to see the President. As he neared the front entrance of the theater, he saw crowds of people waiting. There were distracted parents with four or five children running about in the crowd; there were men talking politics and puffing away on pipes or cigars; there were women discussing domestic affairs or gossiping and shaking their heads knowingly.

Booth noticed it all contemptuously. He was becoming impatient. With a sneer he observed a little girl of four who was being held in her mother's arms so that she could see.

"Why did we come here, Mummy?" she asked.

"To see the President, dear," her mother answered.

"Well, what is a President?" was the ever-ready question.

"He is a man—now don't ask so many questions."

"Is he a nice man?" she ventured to ask after a long, thoughtful pause.

When a Nation Mourns

"He is one of the nicest men there is. Sh—be quiet; here he comes."

A carriage stopped in front of the theater. The crowd waited in complete silence as Abraham Lincoln alighted and helped his wife out. Then heartfelt and prolonged applause welcomed the two. Booth's silence was unnoticed; his eyes gazed on the tall, lanky figure with hatred, greed, and insanity in them. He clenched his fists, and his lips tightened into a thin white line. He saw the slightly stooped man tickle a crying baby's chin, pat a small boy's head, and smile kindly to a feeble old lady.

"Always making a play to the gallery," thought Booth as his lips curled scornfully. Then he smiled sneeringly: "What would happen to the cheering if the crowd knew that something not on the program might happen?"

The crowd began to drift into the theater. At length, when everything was quiet, Booth slipped around the side and through the stage door. He crept stealthily to a tiny little door, opened it, took out a pistol and a dagger, and hid them in his pocket. He heard the audience laugh, and smiled to himself. Walking to another door which opened into one of the loges, he slipped quietly through and sat down in one of the very few unoccupied seats.

The play was the comedy *Our American Cousin,* and the actors were eager to amuse the President. But the assassin scarcely heard the play. His eyes wandered over the crowd. Nearby was the President's box. He looked at his watch; it was nearly ten o'clock. Booth knew the time was at hand; he trembled; his eyes were glassy; he was tense with unconquerable madness. Noiselessly he opened the door of the box. A flash, a loud report, a puff of smoke, and the bullet lodged in the President's brain.

When a Nation Mourns

Major Rathbone turned and saw Booth. He jumped up and grappled with him; Booth drew his dagger and thrust it at the Major's heart. The Major parried the blow, and received a wound in his arm. Booth ran to the front of the box, and Major Rathbone again endeavored to seize him, but in vain. At the edge of the box the assassin hesitated, then cried out, "Sic semper tyrannis; I have done it!" He jumped from the box to the stage, his spurs caught in the drapery, and he plunged to the stage. A sharp pain shot through his broken leg, but a broken leg could not stop the maniac! Rising, he flourished his knife, and cried out, "The South shall be free!" Desperately he staggered out the stage door, climbed on his horse, and rode away into the night.

For one moment the bewildered audience watched the madman; then Mrs. Lincoln shrieked out, "He has killed the President!" recalling all eyes to the box. Panic reigned in the audience. There was weeping and shrieking; women fainted; men milled about frantically; and actors and actresses, still in costume, hurried about with horror on their painted faces. Some one attempted to get water to the box. Soldiers rushed in calling, "Clear out; clear out!"

Amid the tumult the President slumped over in his chair. His head sank down, his hands dangled at his sides. Slowly his blood dripped to the rugless floor, leaving a purple stain.

He was carried out on a stretcher, followed by his broken, weeping wife. On his face worn lines of care and worry relaxed; a look of unspeakable peace came over his kind features. He would soon be at peace in a new home, a home where no cares or worries could follow him.

Thus, with the passing of Abraham Lincoln, a nation mourned.

Faye Bortnick, June, '36.

The Sailor Settles Down

The panting train ground to a stop before the Mellville depot. The two short whistles it expelled sounded like "Welcome home," or so the "Skipper" thought.

Home! Home, after ten years of deck-scrubbing, ten years of "Right face," ten years of "Aye, aye, sir," and—he began to realize it now—ten years without seeing mother, father, or "kid sister." Shucks! He'd had sufficient of the Navy! Fighting for America — against dummy ships! "A girl in every port." And—and at last, it was all finished, and he, James "Skipper" Burke, was returning to the place where he belonged.

He snatched his baggage from a tip-hopeful porter's hands, and though the train had not yet come to a complete stop, sprang to the platform and elbowed his way in true Navy fashion.

Mother, Dad, and Annie! Annie was ten when he left. Was she taking that college course that Mother had planned for her? Did Pop still smoke the old corncob? Did Mom bake the same mince pies? Did Willis still live next door? Had Uncle Will fallen prey to his rheumatism?

Skipper was seventeen when he ran away to join the Navy. He had been attracted by the glamor and adventure that it suggested. Here he was, home again, ready to settle down and take life easy. Perhaps he could get a job in his dad's store—if his dad still owned a store. Maybe he would build up a little business of his own. At any rate, by the end of the year, he expected to have amassed a sizable bankroll. With this accomplished, marriage would be the next logical step. These thoughts overwhelmed him because these were all new sensations to Skipper. We must not gain the impression that he had been adverse to such things. He had just omitted them from his line of thought.

As he sped down the street toward the nearest cab, a sign on a nearby store window caught his eye. "Ye Olde Charley Norris Hamburger Shoppe." Norris! Charley Norris! Norris and he had been shipmates on the good ship *U.S.S. Baltimore* till Charley had left the service a year ago. Evidently he had settled down as Skipper hoped to do. Skipper nearly wrenched the handle off the door in

entering. Charley shouted, "Ship ahoy!" at the sight of his bosom "Baltimore" buddy. The next moment they were hugging each other and dancing around the room to the amazement of the Hamburgerites.

When the storm had sufficiently subsided, the two of them exchanged stories of the past year. Then they talked of "the good old days."

His tale having been duly finished to the last detail and sufficiently exaggerated, Skipper decided he had better leave for home. Charley was not to be defeated so easily, and stoutly refused to allow his old friend to depart without first partaking of one of Charley's De Luxe Hamburgers.

"Aye, aye," said Skipper. "Rig 'er up."

"Shoot up one triple burger," called out Charley proudly.

Skipper parked himself on the revolving seat and watched six ounces of hamburger materialize before him. As he gazed at the hamburger, he noticed the long slim hands that placed it before him, and glanced up to see who owned them. With the morsel halfway to his expectant jaws, Skipper halted and blinked his eyes.

The waitress smiled at him pleasantly.

"Anything else, sir?" she inquired.

Skipper, as he had bragged to his fellow gobs, had never "fallen for a dame," but now he felt his compass heading him in the wrong direction. He managed to gather his wits and composure long enough to order a bowl of soup. The object was not to satisfy his hunger so much as to watch the beautiful lips and listen to the sound of waves on distant shores.

Business was slack; so Skipper engaged his new discovery in light talk for some time. He introduced himself to her as "Skipper," and she in turn gave a correspondingly vague name, "Bunny-Eyes." Suddenly Skipper was conscious of an alarm clock inside of him, and he realized that it was his heart.

After two bowls of soup and seven hamburgers, they were lifelong friends. Skipper even grew bold enough to

invite Bunny-Eyes to be his guest for the following evening. They were to go to the Empress, which advertised appropriate pictures: "I Live for Love" and "One Moonlit Night."

The arrival of other diners suggested his departure. He left reluctantly. Here was the girl he had been looking for, Skipper decided. She fitted all the qualifications that Skipper could think of. She was beautiful, sensible, and undoubtedly a fair cook.

He glanced back once through the window. Bunny-Eyes turned and waved to him, and Skipper blushed like a schoolboy.

Planting his hat at a grotesque angle on his head and whistling an old naval tune, Skipper rambled down the street at a kind of a half-dance. Happiness was painted all over him. Past disappointments gave way to future hopes.

Visions paraded before Skipper's mind in methodical order. First came a job. He had never really held a job, since he didn't consider a sailor's position a job. He wondered how it would feel to be given a salary. Some day he would come home and say, "Bunny-Eyes, I've got a raise!" Would that be a thrill! Second and third came the courtship and the wedding, and lastly in the remotest corner of Skipper's brain there lurked the thought of a baby.

Enough of the high seas for him, of heading over the side, of beans and stew, and stew and beans, of coal shoveling and midnight watches. From now on, it was to be a good day's work, home to a fireplace, a wife, medium steak, and a feather bed. The thought of a feather bed had always entranced Skipper when he had lain in canvas bunks or polished one of the huge guns. Straddling a gun is quite similar to riding a horse, and the result is the same.

Two emotions were struggling for supremacy in Skipper. One was the thought of the waitress and the other of his folks. Ah, yes, his folks! He reprimanded himself for his negligence, and in a few moments, was seated in the back seat of a cab, craning his neck in enthusiastic effort

to locate familiar landmarks. The old Cathedral had been overhauled, the Post Office had a new front, and—suffering topmasts!—there was his dad's unpretentious little store.

Presently the Burke home loomed in sight. The startled cab driver nearly lost control of the wheel when Skipper expelled a tremendous war whoop and thumped the bewildered cabman soundly on the back.

"Stop! That's my home!"

The taxi slithered to a stop at the curb. To the driver, who now considered the stranger a maniac, Skipper tossed a crumpled dollar bill—his last one. He took the five front steps in one huge leap, and jammed the button into the wall. He heard it distantly ring inside.

The door opened and an elderly lady appeared. Skipper stood before her with bated breath. Would she recognize him? After all, ten years was a long time. She looked at him steadily through her glasses with an unbelieving look on her face.

"My son," she whispered in a voice filled with emotion.

Skipper took her in his arms.

The next half-hour was a happy one in Skipper's life. He told of his adventures, and his mother told him what had happened in the old home town, between intermittent sighs of happiness.

Dad came home from the store, and Skipper had to go over the whole thing again, bringing events so far into the present that he told them of his designs on the young waitress he had met. His father was glad to see that he had decided to settle down and make a "somebody" of himself. The doorbell rang.

"I'll bet it's Annie," said Skipper's father. "She'll be happy to see that you're back with us again, son."

He opened the door. It was "Bunny-Eyes."

Robert Friedman, January, '36.

Foul Ball

Mort Watson smiled grimly, and eagerly grabbed his glove when Manager McGrew told him to warm up for the game against the league-leading Lions. As the tall, lanky southpaw, ace of the Boston pitching staff, strolled out onto the field, his mind was filled with one burning thought—the prospect of "getting even" with the Lions for the dirty deal they had given him.

Mort had almost pitched his arm off the previous season in attempting to give the Lions their first flag. He was a sensation in that year, his first year as a big-leaguer, winning thirty-one games and dropping but five. Turnstiles clicked off new records wherever and whenever he was scheduled to pitch; sport scribes unanimously voted him "most valuable"; fans throughout the country acclaimed him the "find of the century."

Then came the following winter. Mr. Watson promptly rejected a contract calling for thirty thousand dollars and demanded the staggering sum of fifty G's for signing on the New York Lions' payroll. The New York officials were willing to go as high as thirty-five thousand—no higher. Not even Mort's father, "Pop" Watson, manager of the team, could persuade him to compromise.

After several months of wrangling via telegrams, long distance calls, and short, heated conferences, without result, Mort Watson was suddenly shuffled along to the Boston Browns, a club more than willing to sacrifice a "few" dollars for such a colorful star.

Needless to say, the nation was startled when that bomb shell was released. Mort himself was dazed when he learned of the drastic action taken by the club. He couldn't believe that they would sell him; that they would practically eliminate their chances of capturing the pennant by selling the mainstay of their pitching staff. Well, they had, and when Mort finally realized it, he solemnly swore to himself to get revenge.

Mort stuck to his oath. Five times that season he had faced his former team mates, and five times had he beaten them—three games being shutouts.

The Lions on the other hand, without the services of Mort, and despite all he could do against them, had surprisingly stayed in the thick of the pennant race, and by virtue of a gallant spurt late in September, they climbed into first place.

Old "Pop" Watson was as happy as a kid with a new toy. How he would run out, even though he was sixty years of age, to grasp the hand of his pitcher after another victory had brought the Lions closer to the flag! How his eyes gleamed when, after each game, he came out of the clubhouse to find a crowd of enthusiastic fans waiting to shake his hand and wish him success. It seemed as though his lifelong ambition to pilot a championship team was finally going to materialize.

The last day of the season arrived, and still the pennant flag wavered in the balance. One more victory would clinch it for the Lions. However, so close behind were the Chicago Seals that a defeat for the Lions and a victory for Chicago would reverse the standings of the two clubs and entitle the Seals to represent the National League in the World Series.

The set-up was perfect for Mort Watson. The Lions were out for a victory. They needed victory, and he, their conqueror in five previous contests, was going to have the pleasure of beating them again.

"Play ball!" shouted the umpire amid the thousands of roaring voices which surged forth when the Lions ran out to their respective positions and when Higgins, Boston lead-off man, stepped up to the plate. This game was going to be a spectacle and not even the downcast skies could cloud the excitement of that crowd.

"Lefty" Leroy, hurling for the Lions, quickly disposed of Higgins by forcing him to pop out on the first pitch. Bret, the next batter, struck out, and the side was retired when first baseman Dixon skied out. Mort, too, showed good form in the first frame, and set the Lions down in one, two, three order.

Foul Ball

After three innings had been played, with neither team getting a hit, or even a man on base, every fan and player in the park new that a pitcher's battle had developed. Mort knew it too; he realized that he had met his equal that day in "Lefty" Leroy. Just as Mort's heart longed for revenge, so "Lefty's" heart longed for victory, and they battled on, each for his own cause.

For eight tense innings filled with brilliant hurling and sparkling defensive playing, the game continued on before a run was scored—the run that decided the game.

The climax came in the ninth inning, shortly after the final score of the Chicago-Brooklyn game had been posted, showing that the Seals had won and were temporarily tied with the Lions for first place. That meant only one thing: the Lions must win their game or else concede the pennant to Chicago. The crowd, mindful of the critical situation, was now noisily pleading for just one run as Rolling, the Lions' catcher, came to bat.

Rolling, hitless in three previous trips to the plate, came through with a solid single to center field. Monahan, up next, missed the first pitch, and on the next delivery popped a high foul between home plate and first. Mort raced over, desperately trying to make the catch, but the ball grazed his gloved hand, fell to the ground, and rolled a few feet from where "Pop" Watson was standing. As Mort stooped to pick up the ball, he caught a glimpse of "Pop," the hopeful expression on his aging, leathery face revealing his eager desire to win the game.

They glanced at each other momentarily, and Mort, at a loss for words, turned and slowly walked back to the hill, his mind muddled. Why, this game meant everything to "Pop"; the fruit of his life's work was wrapped up in it.

Mort tried to clear his mind and concentrate on the game. He couldn't even see the batter; the image of "Pop" stood in his place. Then a mocking laugh from Rolling brought back his spirit of revenge.

Monahan was still at bat, anxiously waiting for the next pitch. He noticed Mort fidgeting around on the mound,

and thought that Rolling's hit had upset him. If it had, now was the time to take advantage of the opportunity to score. Finally, Mort wound up—mechanically. The pitch came in; Monahan swung hard, and sent a long, towering fly into deep center field. Rouse, the center fielder, made a beautiful running catch, but was unable to throw the ball back to the infield in time to get Rolling, who had advanced to second after the catch.

Nothing could stop the Lions now. The chance to score was too good, the stakes high, and Mort, even in his best form, probably could not have prevented it.

Garringer came to bat with orders to hit the first ball that came over. The strategy worked. Garringer, although a brilliant shortstop, was a weak hitter. Mort, not too shaken to remember this, threw a fast ball straight down the middle of the plate, thinking Garringer would let it go by; but instead, he slammed a hot, skipping grounder past third into left field, scoring Rolling.

The crowd broke into a long, deafening cheer. The entire squad of Lions ran out and carried Rolling back to the dugout. Photographers, representing every city of the circuit, were hurriedly snapping pictures of the dramatic scene. It was of little importance that Mort forced the next batter to hit into a double play, ending the inning. "Lefty" Leroy had only to dispose of three Boston batters, and the battle was over.

It was heartbreaking to lose such a game, but Mort reviewed the game as a true sportsman. He knew that a better man had beaten him, that a fighting team had made the most of an opportunity to score the run which decided a pennant race.

In the midst of this appraisal an image seemed to beckon him; and as he walked into the Lions' clubhouse to congratulate "Pop," he was conscious that his father's happiness, after all, meant more to him than a triumph of revenge.

Graydon Petzold, Term 7.

A solitary figure groped about in the dusk of early morning sleepily attiring himself in the standardized armor of the business man of today. Using standardized soap, tooth paste, and hair oil, he completed his morning brush-up and sat down to a cold breakfast in a small bachelor kitchenette.

With mild resentment he berated all authors, specifically emphasizing a certain one. His sleep had been somewhat disturbed by the rhythmic tapping of the early keys of a busy typewriter in the room below.

His soliloquy and breakfast finished, he arose and made a last minute appraisal of his rooms to make sure that he forgot nothing. Then he adjusted his hat at a rakish and dangerous tilt, and whistling sauntered out to make his salute to the sun and the world with a smile.

Paul Harris, twentieth century business psychologist, was in charge of the complaint office of the Ward and Wescott Department Store, where garrulous and loquacious women harangue harassed clerks. Old women, young women, rich, poor—all were visitors in this department. More women than men usually called in pursuit of something for nothing, with some change to boot.

Walking was Paul's mode of transportation, but today, feeling carefree and lazy, he bought a paper and boarded a street car.

It was spring, and as Paul seated himself in the trolley and unfolded his *Morning Herald*, his thoughts began to wander. He was thinking of Pottsville, of apple blossoms, and in particular of a girl who had graduated with him from the Pottsville High School. Ah! his good old home town, where gossip travels via the clothes line and not the newspaper column or over cups of hot tea.

Such thoughts always brought to mind the tangy sweet taste and smell of apple cider, the town's favorite beverage. Indeed, it was often bruited about that Pop Mueller's Cider Shop had the best "stuff" in the state, made from the best Jonathans in town. The apples were the tradition of Pottsville; the cider was the heritage.

It was a "hick town," but it was a sharp contrast to the sleepy, hayseedy towns which erroneously are called representative of the Corn Belt. Lively and cheerful, it was a haven for all but the too ambitious, who didn't want to be big frogs in a small pond.

The girl had been Paul's "one and only" during his last year at high school. Then a little later Paul was lured into the beckoning mazes of the Big City, and somehow all communication between them stopped. At times he thought that he was no longer a subject for romance, but with each return of spring he knew that he had not forgotten.

Turning to his favorite feature, the daily short story, he started as he read the caption: "County Courtship," by Anne Onymusse.

It seemed vaguely familiar; in fact, it was faintly reminiscent of Ann Gregory, the girl from Pottsville. Now—it came to him. She had jokingly told him many times that, if her ambition were ever fulfilled and a story of hers were published, she would use that pseudonym. Eagerly he read on, absorbing with growing excitement familiar phrases and well-worn word pictures of the home of his childhood and early youth. He was a little dazed when he finished the story. Certainly no one but Ann could have written this homely essay on life and lore in a small town. The one thing which stamped certainty in his mind was the use of the sentence: "I palpitate at your propinquity," a sentence which he had used in his first timid and hesitant declaration of love. Many times he had regretted that sentence, so artificial and awkward, for she had often teased him with this phrase, disconcerting and embarrassing him. Instantly, he resolved to find her. He would go to the new building of the *Morning Herald* and find her address. When he reached his destination, Paul alighted from the car and entered the store, not yet aroused totally from dormancy, but stirring, yawning, and stretching. Shades were being pulled up, lights turned on; the sheets covering the merchandise miraculously disappeared all about him, leaving open to view the multifarious wares.

Paul's work was all done in a small room facing the street. In this room at an imposing desk Paul would sit

through the day taking care of complaints brought in by customers. Each had a private grievance, a personal complaint, an individual problem for Paul to solve. Judgment and tact was Paul's stock in trade.

After some preliminary details Paul's myriad legions began to pass through his portals. Matrons, young brides, grandmothers, wives, husbands, bachelors, maids—young and old. They formed a seemingly unceasing cavalcade.

Upon leaving Ward and Westcott's that evening he hurried to the new "Herald Building," which was the headquarters for the newspaper. Upon inquiring for the address of the author of today's short story, he received a courteous reply to wait while the information was being obtained. When the stenographer returned with the address, Paul thanked her profusely, glanced at the information and dashed for a homeward bound trolley.

Now he understood, but no longer resented the loud, steady drumming of the typewriter keys in the apartment below his rooms. He forgave all authors now. For the address he had just received was the same as his own, "Orchard House." The coincidence bothered him. Perhaps Ann had selected this address, as he had, because there was an "Orchard House" in the good old home town.

Knocking on the door of the first floor apartment, he felt his heart beat faster, and his breath seemed to come in short, spasmodic spurts. As the door began to open, he crossed his fingers.

It was she. Ann was standing in front of him, and he blinked his eyes unbelievingly. Neither said a word. Not a word was needed. He was more eloquent in his silence than in his language.

Mr. and Mrs. Paul Harris are a happy young couple. Mrs. Harris now concocts stews, not stories. Mr. Harris, cured of his antipathy towards authors, still meekly plays a psychological part as a "yes man," soothing the incessant wrath of women—a wrath to be feared, concerning, as it does, shirts which are small and bills which aren't.

Harry Paul, June, '36.

They Went South

"EXTRA! EXTRA! Former Cab Driver Inherits Fortune!"

Newsboys screamed and people hurried. This was not unusual. The unusual part was that for the first time in his life an Irishman was stumped. Calmly Jimmy Donovan walked up to one of the newsboys, slipped a quarter into his hand, and firmly grasping a paper, walked away. He walked,—he didn't know how long—but when he came to his senses he was comfortably lying on his favorite bench in Central Park. It was here that he always turned when in trouble; and today—well, it was only natural that he should turn here today. His feet rested on one end of the bench, his head on the other.

Slowly he read the life story of Jimmy Donovan, with pictures. Not a very interesting story. How could it be? Why, Jimmy knew what had been happening to himself all his life. It had been his own life, hadn't it? That is, it had been up to this point; but now as he glanced at the paper again, he wondered. There in an extra edition of the New York *Times* were the facts: "Several days ago Mrs. John B. Stonefellow, prominent blueblood of the New York and Newport social registers, died heirless." Jimmy knew that; he had gone to the funeral.

The article continued, "Today, when her will was read before close friends of the family, it was alarmingly disclosed that her entire estate would be legally inherited by her chauffeur, whose present address is unknown." The will part was what stumped Jimmy. She had always been a crab wherever he was concerned. He read further: "A most interesting fact was disclosed by a friend of the deceased. It seems that Mrs. Stonefellow employed Donovan after he had crashed into the curb in order to save her pet Pekinese, who had become confused in the traffic. Later she became so impressed by his personality and politeness, seemingly without his knowledge, that she was prompted to will him her fortune."

At that moment his reading was interrupted by the inquiring voice of a reporter. Resentfully he admitted his identity. Thereafter he was to have no relief from the persecution of publicity.

"What school did you attend, Mr. Donovan?" "Who is your favorite movie actress?" "Will you hold that for

one more pose?" "We'll pay $5,000 for your indorsements of Seller's Finer Tobaccos." "We offer $750 a week for radio broadcasts." Two days of this, and Jimmy had skyrocketed to fame. Two weeks and he was the idol of every cab driver in Manhattan and the heart throb of a million girls. The same convincing personality that had won for him a fortune was, seemingly, thrusting him into society also.

One afternoon the *Zombie* pulled out of the Boston Harbor. On board were ten or twelve prominent New Yorkers, among them Jimmy.

"Pardon me, but—" gazing into his own warm brown eyes were two blue ones. They were cold, but beautiful. In fact, in Jimmy's mind, they were the most beautiful eyes surrounded by the most beautiful face that he had ever seen. He had started to say, "Haven't we met before?" It was just an old gag, but always good. Instead he was speechless. Jimmy Donovan just wasn't Jimmy Donovan any more.

When the cruising party returned, Jimmy was again in the headlines; he was engaged to the lovely Evelyn Sheffield, daughter of a steel magnate.

With the publication of this scandal, suddenly and for obvious reasons the cab driver millionaire lost favor with the public. No longer was he called upon to make stage appearances or indorse finger nail polishes or the like. For some strange reason there's a high wall between society and the ordinary people, and when some one tries to cross from one side to the other, there are always broken hearts and fortunes. Jimmy Donovan was no exception. He was truly a typical American boy—no Mayflower ancestors, but American enough to know when he was slipping.

This reversal of opinion puzzled Jimmy. In the old days he had always known what he wanted. Now—his thoughts were interrupted by an apologetic voice:

"Pardon, sir, but it's nine o'clock; I thought if you didn't need me any more—"

"Yes, Jenkins, I do need you. I need you badly. Sit down."

"But, Mr. Donovan—"

They Went South

Jimmy toyed with an unlighted cigarette.

"Jenky, tell me something. If you were suddenly willed a large fortune, if you fell in love with a beautiful girl, and just as suddenly felt her slipping from your grasp because you had tried to step too far into her world, which certainly was not yours,—what would you do?"

"Pardon me for saying so, sir, but I think I'd go out and have a good time—with her."

"Splendid, Jenkins; get Miss Sheffield on the phone."

"But, sir, she'll think you're acting very queerly—"

Two days later the motor of a low-winged monoplane softly droned as it sped farther and farther south carrying Jimmy and Evelyn to the balmy east coast of Florida. A house party which can plainly be called "brimming over with swank" had been planned. It was to be held in Jimmy's newly acquired Palm Beach home, where, one can be assured, nothing was lacking. It was raining in New York when they took off, and when the huge propeller finally came to a stop, it was still raining. The balmy Florida had turned into a haven for raindrops.

"And this is what is called beautiful weather," whined Evelyn satirically. With a display of temper she hurried through the mud to the waiting Pierce Arrow.

Inside the car, she quickly made a complete survey of herself. Her once beautiful hair was now streaming down over her face. Her smart white sandals, which she had especially worn to greet the beautiful sunshine in style, were wet and muddy.

Dinner that evening was truly disheartening. Evelyn flatly refused to come down, complaining of a cold as a result of the afternoon's experience. Several other guests who always bored Jimmy sat around after the long-drawn-out dinner "talking politics."

Suddenly Jimmy hit upon an excellent idea. Seizing his hat, he walked out into the fresh night air; the cool raindrops made him long for the times when he had felt snow striking his cheeks through his open cab window. Across the street his eyes lingered on a sign, "Sarge's Bar." Cross-

ing the deserted street, he stepped inside. The place was crowded with laughing, jostling men, and a low cloud of cheap cigar smoke hung about their heads.

"How about it, Buddy; wanna play?" This challenge issued from a gruff fellow, who after all was only trying to be hospitable.

Jimmy greeted the Florida sun next morning with higher spirits and a much smaller bankroll. Motoring with his new cronies down to Hialeah to the races proved a delightful occasion, although every horse Jimmy bet on invariably lost.

On his return that night, his excuses were received disdainfully. Never before had he felt so inferior. And he was still further humiliated when she said coldly, "In the future you will go with me to the races." Rebellious, but still civil, he replied quietly, "Yes, Miss Sheffield."

During the following two weeks Evelyn insisted upon placing the bets. For her it was just an exciting little game. She bet with cool calculation and for small amounts. However, Jimmy managed to slip away occasionally for a few minutes to join his new cronies. He bet recklessly and lost heavily. But he didn't care; there was a new light, a purpose, in his eyes.

One day she approached him coldly. "Morton tells me that you have been seen in low company."

"Oh, I see, a sleuth," he returned.

"No," she smiled coldly, "it's not that important. He observed it casually. And by the way, it is reported that you have lost on your betting disastrously."

"Is it as bad as that?" he laughed. "You know how rumors get exaggerated."

"Well, the men I know make money; they don't gamble away an undeserved inheritance. Our play days are over. Tomorrow we return to New York."

"We return to New York then, tomorrow," he repeated, his chivalry overcoming his Irish anger with difficulty.

During the following months Jimmy became more disconsolate. In society he was simply ignored, and his name was never mentioned in Evelyn's presence. All this was not lost on Evelyn, but she was still too obstinate to heed the conspiracy of silence.

In the meantime Jimmy was spending recklessly, often secretly. No one knew how much, but the rumors were startling.

One night as they slowed down for the stop light at Forty-second and Broadway, a newsboy called out in strident tones: "Extra! Jimmy Donovan Donates $100,000 to Orphans' Home! Extra!"

Evelyn turned to him and demanded, "Is that true?"

"I'm afraid it is," Jimmy smiled.

"I suppose you know that I couldn't be interested in a man without money," she retorted.

He ignored the sarcasm and spoke reflectively, "I thought I would do a good deed with the last of my 'undeserved inheritance'."

"The last, did you say? But, that huge fortune completely gone! It is incredible—disgusting! And how humiliating to me!"

"Incredible but true, my dear. And it all went because of you."

"Because of me! I don't understand."

"You have made me the happiest man on earth. You've shown me how happy a cab driver can be *as* a cab driver. And now—"

The car stopped in front of the Sheffield mansion. Quickly he jumped out and opened the door for her.

"Fare, please," he said, as only a veteran could say it.

Mary Louise Horstmann, June, '36.

As the new moon rose over the Virginia hills on that September night in 1676, a lone horseman galloped on through the shadows of the trees. Now he stopped and looked back; now he climbed a hill to get his bearing; now he spurred ahead in the stillness of the night. Soon his horse plunged through a stream, and then disappeared in the thick foliage of a forest. At last he approached a small cabin in the woods, swung from the saddle, and ventured in without knocking.

The interior of the cabin was plain but picturesque. On opposite walls hung bearskins and mooseheads. Above the mantelpiece were two crossed rifles, and above them was a picture of a hunting scene. The furnishings were quite simple: at the end of the room, near the fireplace, was a table set for three; a desk stood near the door; there was a stove at the left of the fireplace and a cabinet of dishes at the right. The only occupants of the cabin were two young men: one was seated at the desk writing, and the other was preparing dinner over the stove. The former rose as the rider entered, and grasped his hand.

"Welcome, Joseph!" he said warmly. "We were expecting you."

Joseph glanced about him: "Where's Nat?" were his first words.

"Why, he left this morning for Jamestown," replied the other. "Why? Is anything wrong?"

"Wrong! Heavens, yes! But there isn't time to tell about it. Have you a horse I can borrow? Mine's too tired to go much farther, and I must go to Jamestown immediately."

The two brothers hastened to the stable with him to get a horse, and plied him with questions.

"I can't tell you now," he repeated, "but I will tell you this: there's a plot afoot to murder him, and unless I can

get there soon, Major Anderson, one of Nat's most trusted officers, is planning to poison him. And Major Anderson is in Jamestown now."

By this time the horse was saddled, and in an instant Joe was on his back.

As the horse sped down the path, Joe thought of the recent events. Just two years ago he had been a farmer on the James River. Governor Berkeley's conduct in not suppressing the Indian massacres had been severely criticized, and there had been some talk of rebellion, although few thought of its really breaking out. Then Marawakiki, a neighboring Indian chieftain, massacred the workers on one of the most prominent tobacco plantations in Virginia. Among those who perished was an overseer of Nathaniel Bacon. The latter was a strong-willed young man, well-liked by everyone in that section of Virginia. His anger bursting into flame, Nathaniel marched before the governor with a few followers and demanded an officer's commission. When the governor refused, Bacon formed his own regiment, marched against the Indians, and completely routed them. The governor, greatly enraged, set a price on Bacon's head. During the civil war which followed (now known as Bacon's Rebellion) Jamestown was burned and the governor forced to flee. Now Bacon, thinking that Berkeley was planning to unite with Marawakiki and recapture Jamestown, dispatched Joseph Birch to find out more about it. Birch found out about the plot to kill his friend and was riding back to warn him.

Joseph Birch was so absorbed in his thoughts and in his race for Jamestown that he was unaware of the danger that was pursuing him. Almost as soon as he had ridden away from the cabin, two horsemen had come from behind some trees and followed him. At last, hearing the thumping of hoofs on the path, he glanced over his shoulder and recognized two of Governor Berkeley's men, not fifty yards behind him. He turned a sharp corner, and reined his horse into a clump of trees. Soon the two horsemen dashed past him, and, feeling safer, he came out from his hiding place and con-

tinued his course. But the two men had concealed themselves after finding that their quarry had escaped, and Joseph had gone not more than two hundred yards when two shots rang out in the dark. A sharp pain shot through his shoulder, and he drew his gun and fired back. Another volley of shots came in reply, and this time a bullet just grazed his ear. He bent to the horse's neck and urged him on. The animal flew like the wind, but Joseph was growing weaker every moment from loss of blood. His head swam, the countryside seemed to dance before his eyes; his heart pounded harder in his ears; and at last everything went black.

When Joseph recovered consciousness early in the morning, he found himself in a small, airy room. A grizzled farmer was bending over him.

"Well, my lad," he said, "you've a pretty bad shoulder wound, and there's a lump on your head. You've been delirious. I sure am glad you've come to; I was afraid for a while you were done for."

"How long have I been unconscious?" the boy inquired weakly.

"Maybe eight hours."

"Eight hours! But every hour is precious." He tried to rise, but another spasm of pain shot through him, and he was forced to lie back on his cot.

"Easy now, lad," said the stranger. "You're still pretty badly hurt, you know."

"But I must go!" he exclaimed. "It's—it's a matter of life and death!" He hesitated; it would be better to say nothing of his mission.

"Better not go yet," advised the old man. "You just lie here, and maybe tonight you can go."

Tonight! Tonight would be too late. It might be too late now. But he dared not insist, because if the farmer was on Governor Berkeley's side, he might suspect some-

thing and prevent him from going at all. So instead of protesting, he lay back on his pillow.

"That's better," said the farmer. "Now you lie back while I go and get you something to eat."

For a moment Joseph thought of slipping out the open window while the man was out of the room. But he was pretty weak, and he would feel stronger after eating something. In a few minutes the farmer returned, carrying a large tray of food. Joseph ate heartily. Half an hour later he got up painfully. The farmer looked rather doubtful.

"Sure you're strong enough?"

"I must be. And—and thanks for what you have done." He grasped the man's hand, asked for his horse, and galloped down the road.

After a torturing ride, he reached Jamestown, and within a few minutes stopped before Bacon's house. He staggered into the house without knocking, and nearly collided with Mrs. Bacon.

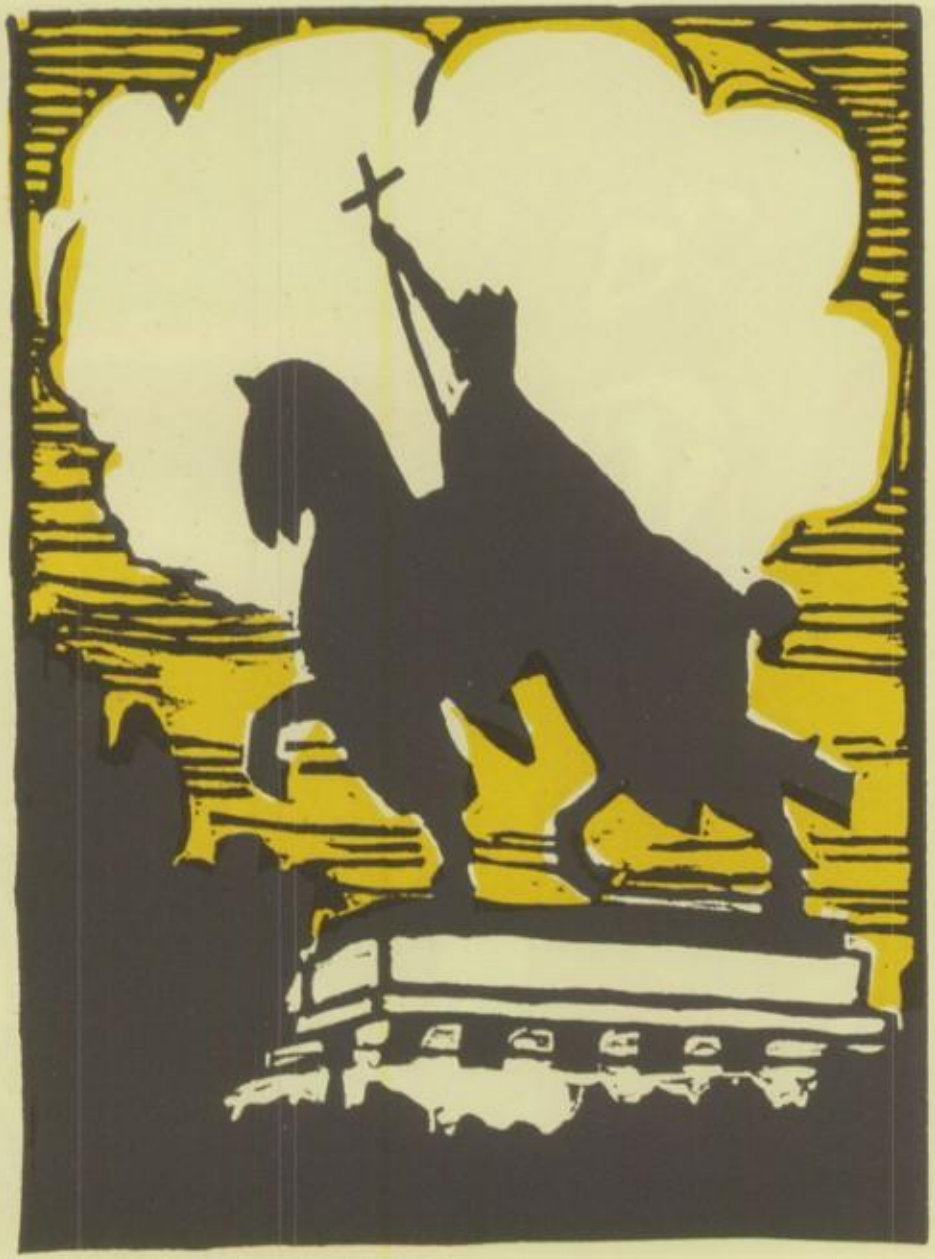
"Where's Nat?" he inquired breathlessly.

"In his study. But when Major Anderson left a few moments ago, he said he didn't want to be disturbed; so if it's not important—"

"Important!" he dashed past her and burst into the room. Contrary to his expectations, the room was quite orderly. But on the desk were two wine glasses, one hardly touched. At the desk sat Nathaniel Bacon, leaning his head on his arm. Joseph felt his pulse, and knew that all was over. A great leader had perished, and with him had perished the flame of liberty, which was not to be rekindled for a century to come.

Nancy Grolock, Term 6.

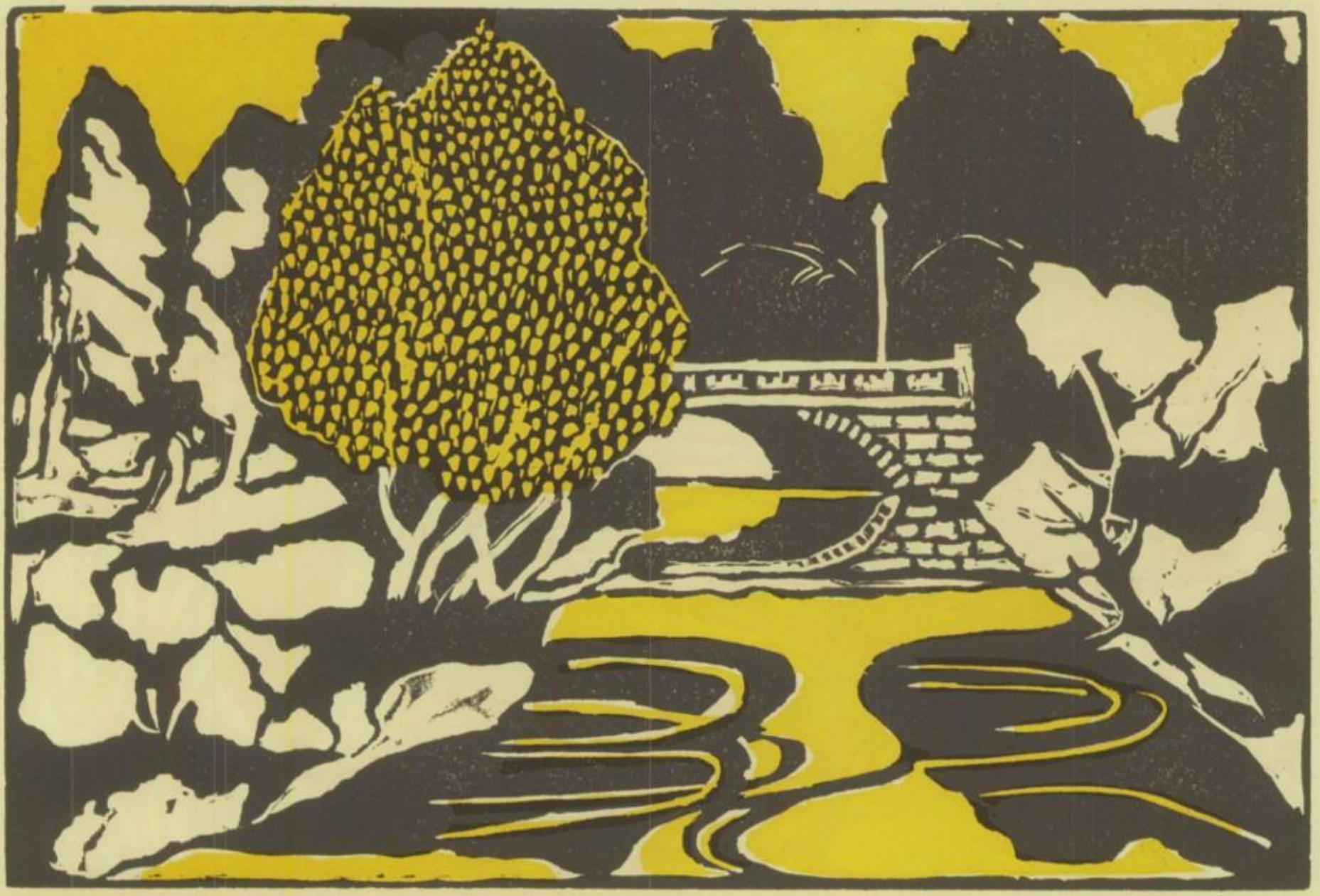
FEATURES



Linoleum Cuts

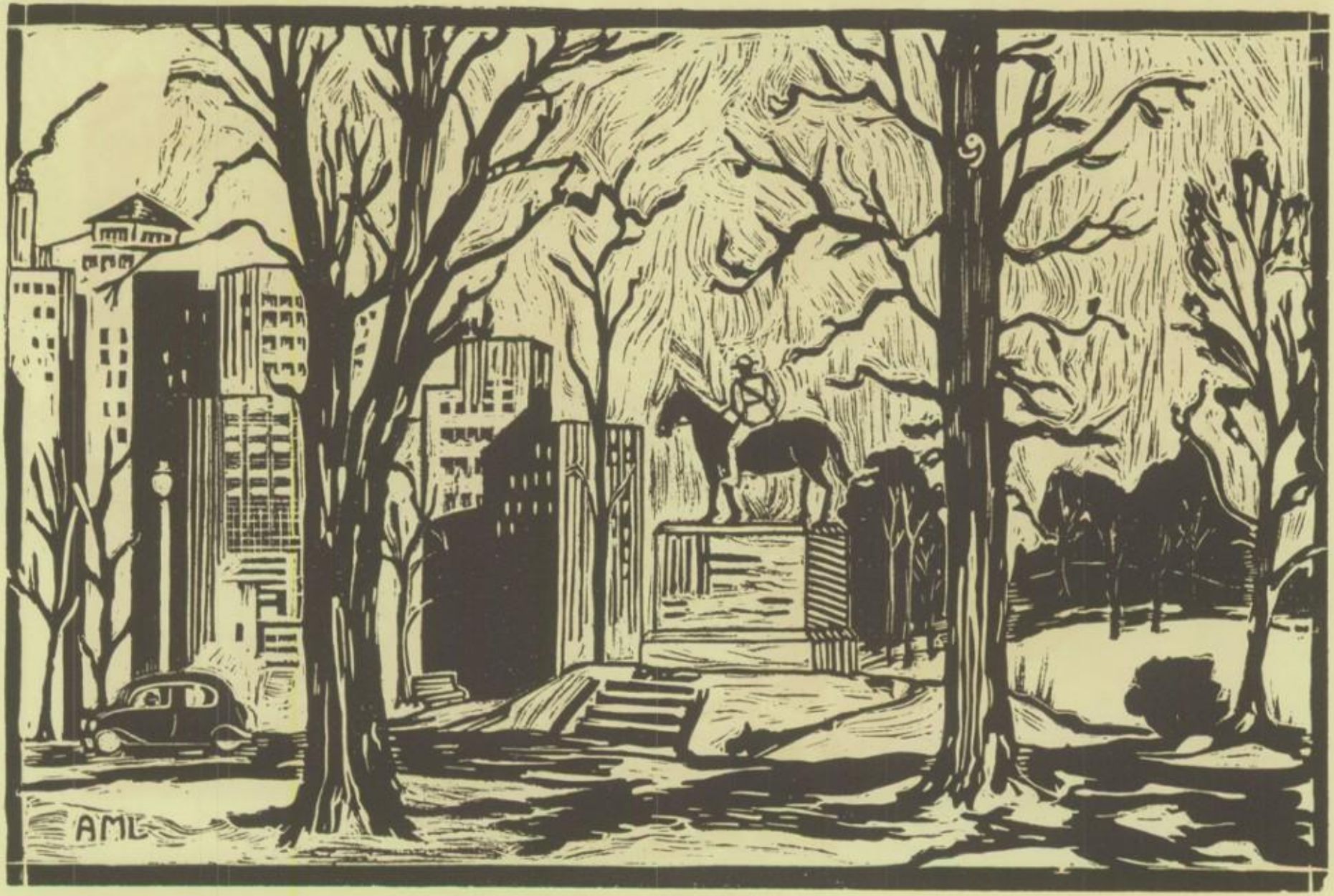
Designed and
Engraved by
Pupils of the
Art Classes of
Soldan High School

MEMORIAL FOUNTAIN IN FOREST PARK



ALONG THE LAGOON

RIVER DES PERES IN WINTER



SIGEL MONUMENT

GLOOMY SUNDAY

BROADWAY RHYTHM

POPULAR SONGS

OUT OF THE NIGHT

WHY DREAM?

WE SAW THE SEA

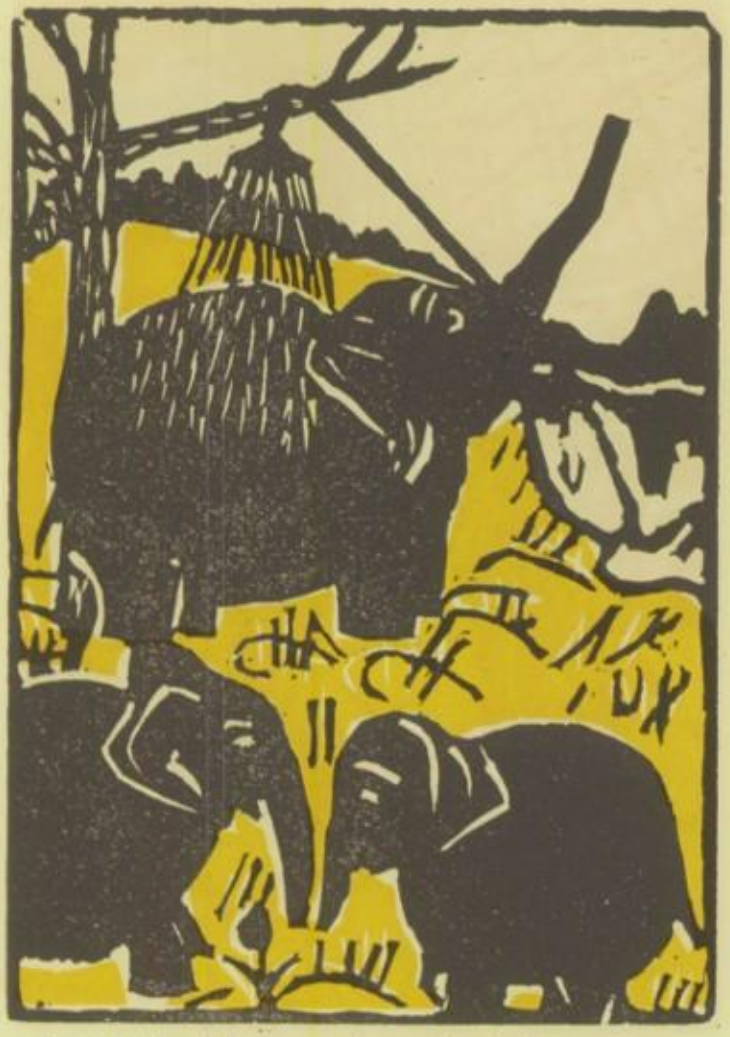
KEEP THAT TWINKLE IN YOUR EYE

YOU ARE MY LUCKY STAR

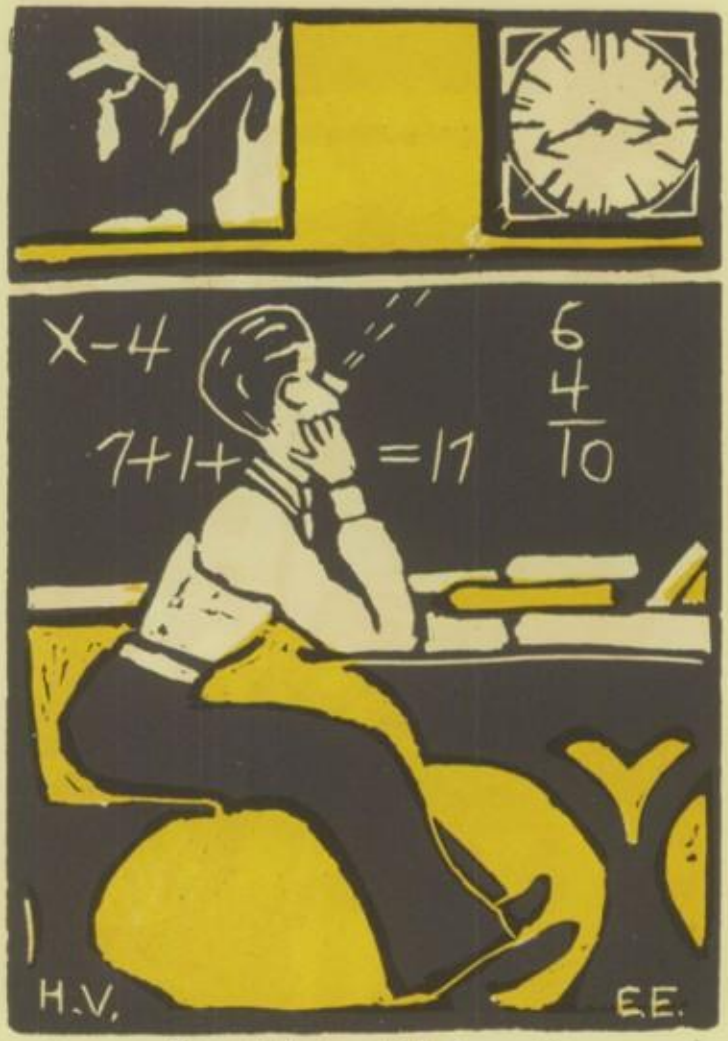
I'M SHOOTIN' HIGH

WHO AM I?

SOPHISTICATED LADY



That's Herbert! Ever since he got that bathroom shower attachment he won't talk to anyone.

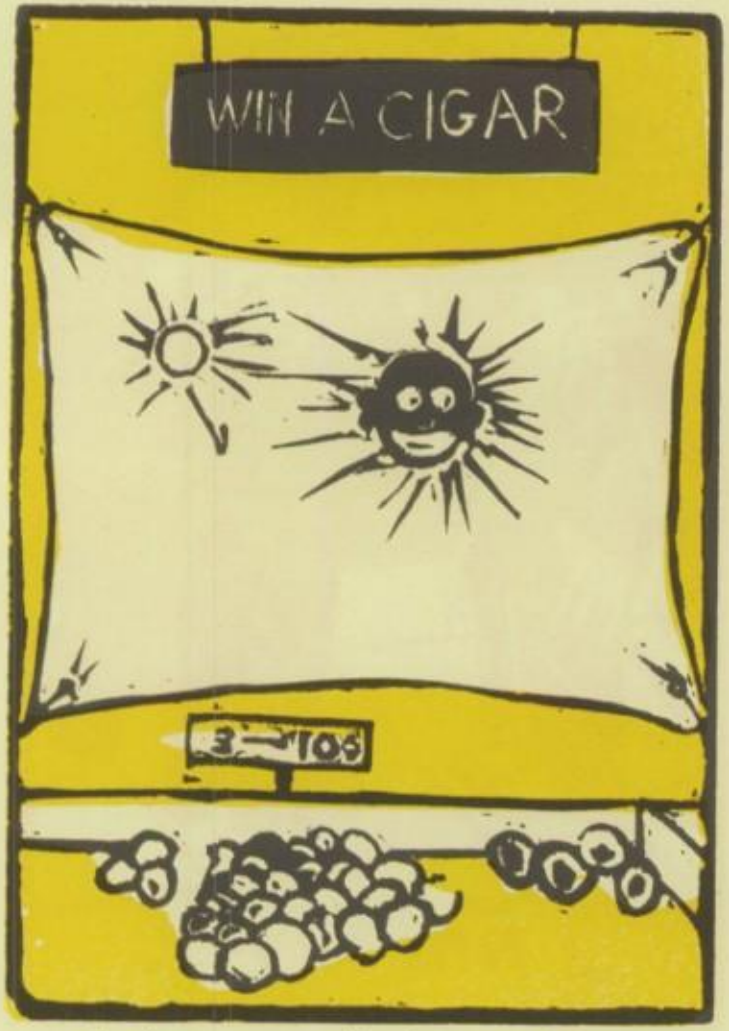


Some students are "clock-eyed."

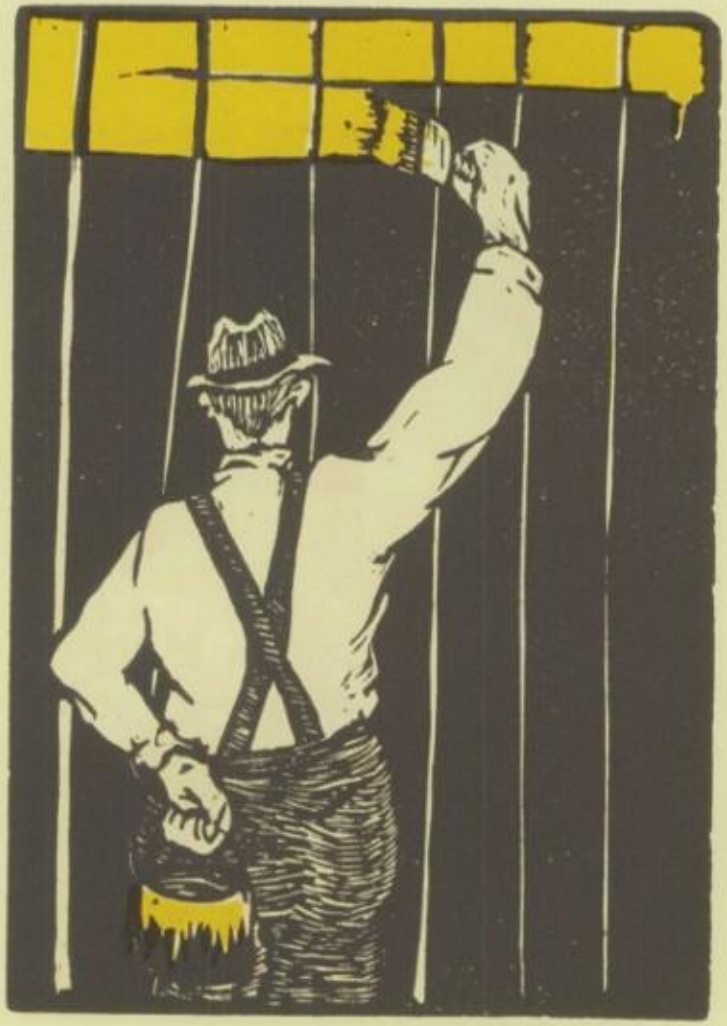
Judge: What gear were you in at the time of the accident?

Miss Speed: Oh! I was wearing a blue hat, tweed coat and brown oxfords.

—and then the lion beat me by a foot.



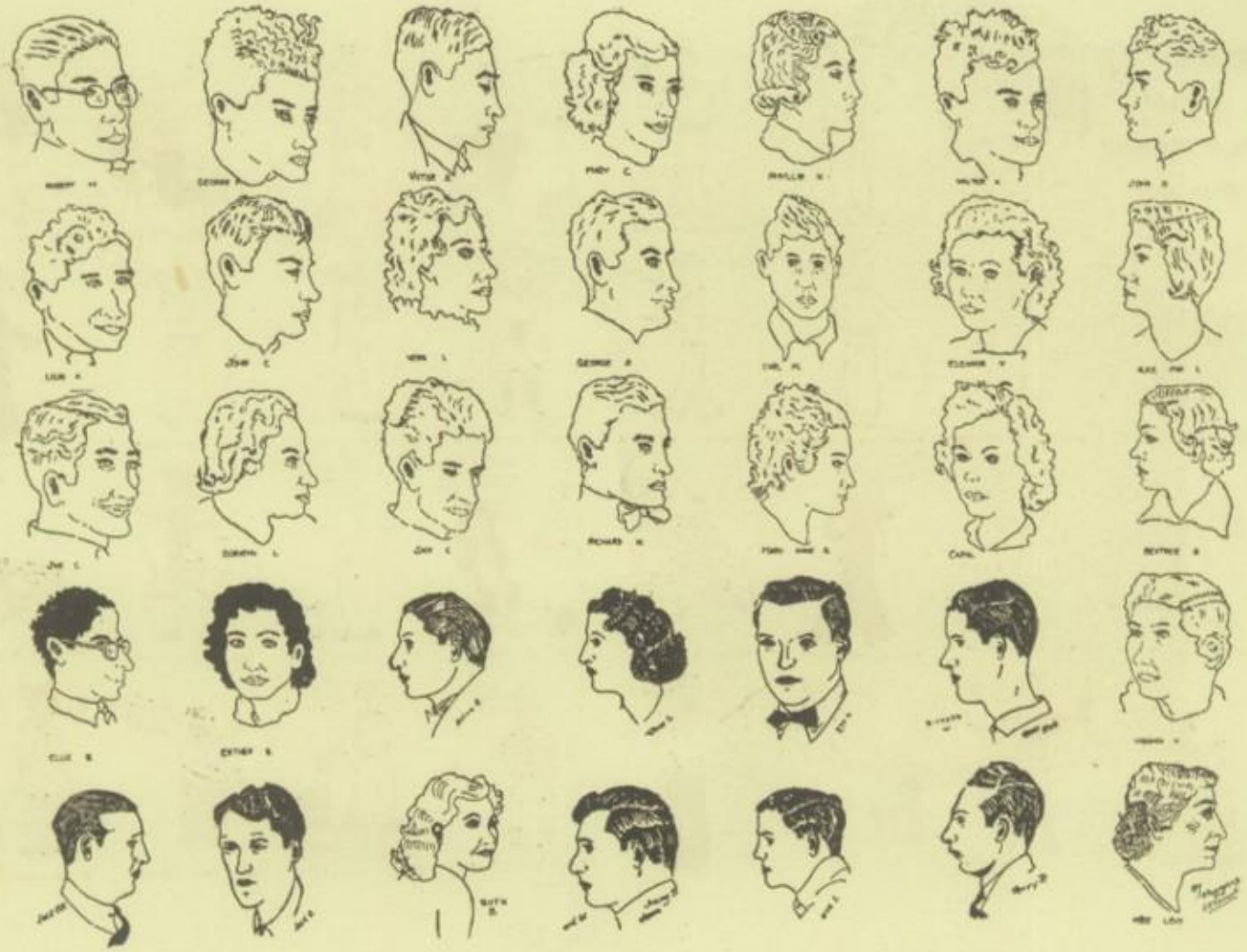
The dramatic star is still in the center of things.

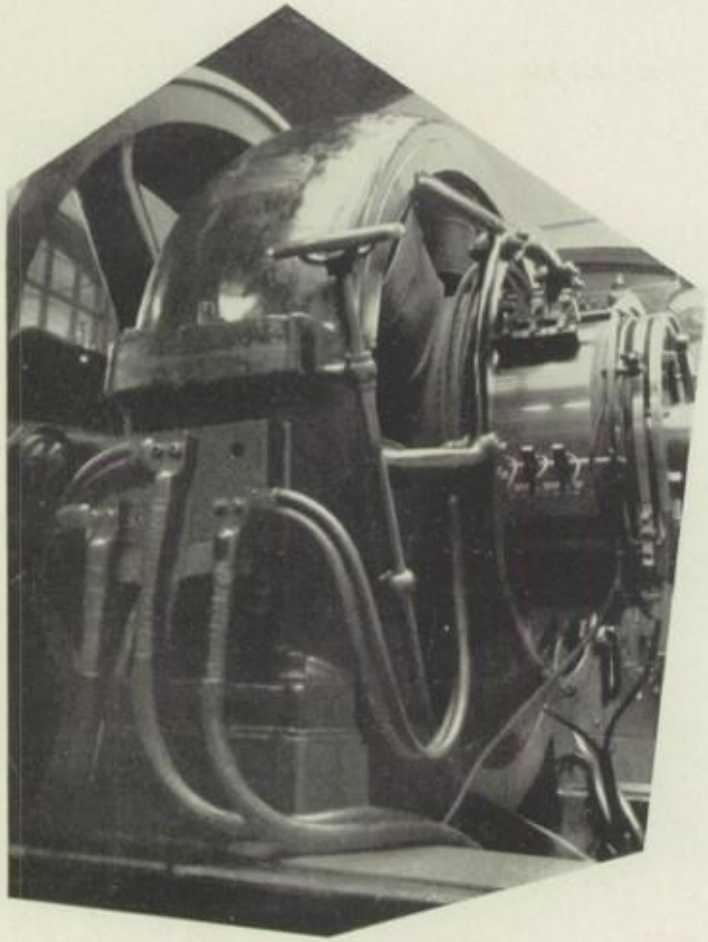


The art student still wields his brush.

1
PUBLIC SPEAKING

PUBLIC
SPK.
CARTOONS
6TH HR.





ADVERTISING

SUMMER CLASSES

In addition to the regular Secretarial and Accounting Courses—Rubicam offers special Pre-College Course in Shorthand and Typewriting

TERM — 10 WEEKS

Individual and Group Instruction

Rubicam and Gregg Shorthand Systems Taught

Telephone Today for a Catalog

RUBICAM BUSINESS SCHOOL

4933 Delmar Boulevard - FOrest 3900

3469 S. Grand Boulevard - LAclede 0440

UNIVERSITY EDUCATION FOR BUSINESS

The School of Commerce and Finance, St. Louis University, offers complete university courses in all important business and allied fields.

In the Day Division, high school graduates have access to five distinct four-year courses leading to a degree.

In the Evening Division, complete courses leading to a Certificate, and many special courses are available.

Catalog Mailed on Request.

The school of

COMMERCE & FINANCE

SAINT LOUIS UNIVERSITY

3674 LINDELL BLVD. ST. LOUIS, MO.

LIBERAL EDUCATION and the FUTURE

In spite of all our problems, the world goes on turning and there are future years. It will be a bright future for the youth of today if they are prepared to make it so. You are the men of the future; you must *prepare* to make the most of the future—*of your future*.

Prepare! Prepare for what? For what the future holds. Are we beginning to realize that there are things of such worth that they cannot be rated in terms of dollars and cents; that the word "Success" does not begin with a dollar sign, but that it depends upon the usefulness and effectiveness of our lives? And through all the ages the educated man has been the effective man.

Yes, we need technically trained men, but the recent past has taught us that we cannot hope to carry on even in a mechanized civilization without the thinker, the man who is capable of preventing the maladjustments which the merely technically trained specialist is so likely to create. The lawyer, the doctor, the teacher, the dentist, the banker, the financier, the professional man in any field you choose is so much the better lawyer, doctor, teacher, banker and so on, if in addition to his professional training he is an educated man.

Surely the future will be brighter if in the face of our present-day depression—intellectual rather than economic—and in reply to the false prophets of the dissolution of our Western culture, we can raise up a group of intellectual and courageous young men and women eager to re-assert and strive for the right objectives of civilization and culture and human effort. But for this we must have many more liberally educated men.

The liberally educated man is the effective man, who, as Newman says in his "Idea of a University," "is at home in any society,—has a common ground with every class;—knows when to speak and when to be silent;—can ask a question pertinently, and gain a lesson seasonably." Is there not a lack today of men who have that education which teaches them "to see things as they are, to go right to the point, to disentangle a skein of thought, to detect what is sophistical, and to discard what is irr nt"? In fine, Newman's idea of a University training must come to be more fully appreciated. We need more men whose ation prepares them "to fill any post with credit and to master any ubject with facility."

It is strange that we have lost sight, to a great exte of so seemingly elementary a principle. It is strange we have thought that almost any type of specialized technical training could form the background for a successful and effective man's life. The future, if it is to be bright, must be dominated more and more by educated men, by thinkers trained in literature and the classics and philosophy, in the social sciences, history and sociology, political science and economics, and all that goes to make up the liberal culture of an advanced civilization.

This is the type of man the future just ahead of us is demanding.
This is the type of educational preparation which is given in the

COLLEGE OF ARTS AND SCIENCES
at Saint Louis University

Congratulations to Soldan Graduates
of JANUARY and JUNE CLASSES
of the Year 1936

C. F. DIECKMAN STUDIO
PHOTOGRAPHER

319 De Baliviere Ave. FOREST 0777

SUMMER SCHOOL

OPENS JUNE 15

FOR COMMERCIAL AND ACADEMIC GRADUATES

A few months at Brown's School will give you advanced professional training for a business position, and preferred consideration by employers. *Free employment assistance.*

Visitors Always Welcome

Phone, Write or Call for Free Catalog

▼

BROWN'S

Business and Secretarial School

5858 DELMAR - - - - - - - - CAbany 6080

WOULD $1800.00
PER YEAR INTEREST YOU?

A short time spent in mastering one of our Major Courses will help you to reach your goal

58% More Calls for Sanford-Brown Trained Office Help in 1935 Than in 1934

New Term Opens June 15, 1936 **Classes Now Forming**

Wire, Write, Visit, or Dial MU. 1222 for Bulletin

SANFORD-BROWN Business College

5924 EASTON W. S. SANFORD, *Pres.* St. Louis, Mo.

A Parking Lot for Your Car Free

We have acquired the stock and good will of the

COLLEGE SHOP

Formerly in the Louderman Bldg.

We invite you to see our marvelous selection of FRATERNITY JEWELRY

Hess & Culbertson

OLIVE AT NINTH

On the Cooperative Plan

you alternate 6 weeks of work with 6 weeks at school

Accounting and Finance
Commercial Engineering
Marketing and Advertising
Applied Art

JEFFERSON COLLEGE

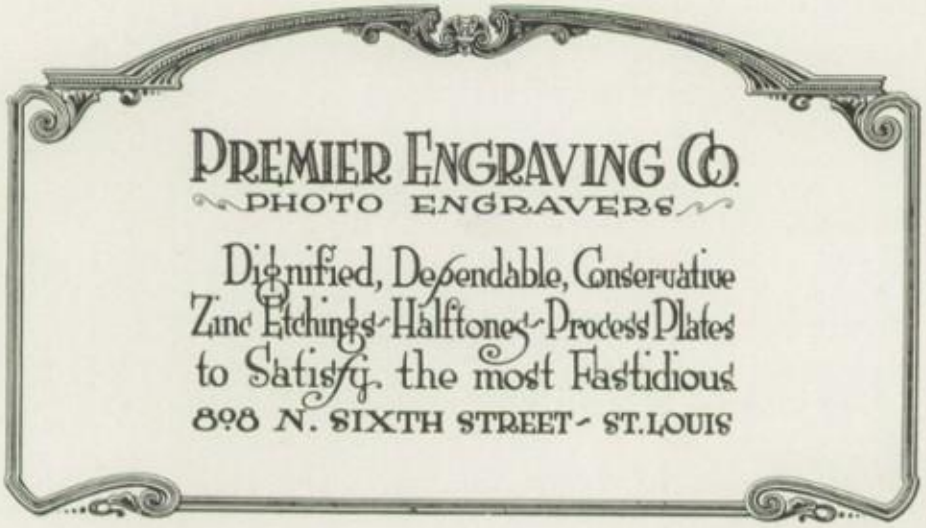
1528 LOCUST CEntral 1350

Combs-Duval Studio

CREATORS OF DISTINCTIVE PORTRAITS

4474 WASHINGTON BOULEVARD

TELEPHONE
FRANKLIN 1705


PREMIER ENGRAVING CO.
PHOTO ENGRAVERS
Dignified, Dependable, Conservative
Zinc Etchings - Halftones - Process Plates
to Satisfy the most Fastidious
898 N. SIXTH STREET - ST. LOUIS

COVERS and BINDING

For the

1936 SCRIP

Furnished by

BECKTOLD COMPANY

ST. LOUIS, MO.

It's been a real pleasure to have
the opportunity of serving you

Compliments

of a

Friend

SOLDAN MOTHERS' CLUB

Extends Greetings and Best Wishes

to the

January and June Classes of 1936

Compliments

of

TONY GRECO

COMPLIMENTS

OF A

FRIEND

PLANNED Printing

Reduces Costs

Improves Appearance

Saves Time

Assures Satisfaction

BRITT PRINTING & PUBLISHING CO.

Washington to Lucas on 21st Street

CH 4822

Roling Printing Company

Incorporated

Publication ⟦**PRINTERS**⟧ *Commercial*

2331 Pine St. **CEntral 2400**

Congratulations

to the

GRADUATING CLASSES

of

JANUARY AND JUNE, 1936

From

A FRIEND

EVERYTHING MUSICAL

Ludwig is headquarters for orchestra and band instruments, accessories and expert repairing. Our 60 years experience in equipping leading artists and students will prove a valuable aid in selecting any instrument whether for the finished musician or beginner. You will find a large complete line combined with low prices to meet every requirement. Terms if desired.

Ludwig MUSIC HOUSE

PHONE: CENTRAL 4120 « » 709 PINE ST.

CEntral 3024-3025

RAITH BROTHERS PRODUCE CO.

The Best in
FRUITS and VEGETABLES
DISTRIBUTORS
Famous Tree-Ripened ATWOOD GRAPEFRUIT
DESERT GOLD DATES

929-931 N. Fourth St.
St. Louis, Mo.

WALTER T. MIESSLER

PRESCRIPTION DRUGGIST

S. E. Corner Delmar at Union
St. Louis, Mo.

FOrest 1860

For your small printing orders—
Menus — Stationery —
Office Forms — Announcements
CALL CH. 4822
BRITT PRTG. & PUB. CO.
Washington at 21st Street

Phone CHAPMAN

CHAPMAN BROS.
CLOTHES CLEANSERS

KRUMMENACHER'S
Union Avenue Pharmacy
THE REXALL STORE

1115-1121 Union Blvd.
St. Louis, Mo.

For
FINE CLEANING

GUIDES TO FOOD QUALITY

American Lady or Topmost Brand is your absolute assurance of fine food quality.

Ask for these brands at your grocer.

GENERAL GROCER CO.
ST. LOUIS, MO.

CONGRATULATIONS
to the
Graduation Classes
of
January and June
1936

SOLDAN PATRONS' ASSOCIATION

LOUIE'S LUNCH WAGON
Serves
Hy-Grade Candies
Best Hot-Dogs 5c

GOOD LUCK

Joe Garavelli

DEBALIVIERE & DEGIVERVILLE

Air-Conditioned

HYDROX

. . . the famous cream-filled chocolate biscuits. They are widely imitated. Better say ***"Sunshine*** Hydrox" to your grocer. They have no other name.

LOOSE-WILES BISCUIT COMPANY

UNLET MUSIC CO.
516 LOCUST ST

Sheet Music — Musical Instruments

THE SCRIP

1936